

The New REPUBLIC

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Laval's Hollow Victory
Railroad Interests at War

The "New Era": Its Rise and Fall
by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Tragedy of Labor Leadership
by J. B. S. HARDMAN

Eisenstein in Hollywood
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Yorktown
by MURRAY GODWIN

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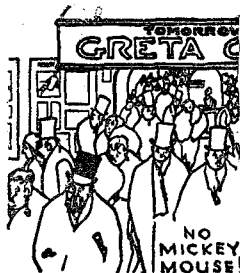
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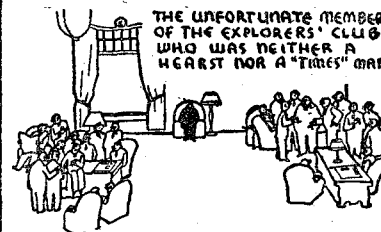
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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

SENATOR Borah's interview with the French reporters stands out, in its frank recognition of realities, from the atmosphere of timidity, negation and postponement which characterized the Hoover-Laval conference. Its publication in France may shock diplomatic sensibilities, but it can hardly do anything but good, not merely as a revelation of a strong section of American opinion, but as a view which many realistic Frenchmen themselves must accept. Essentially, Mr. Borah said that what stands in the way of disarmament is the desire of the victors of the War to perpetuate those parts of the Treaty of Versailles which can be maintained only by force. Until questions like that of the Polish Corridor are settled by free agreement among the nations concerned, there is little hope of disarmament. Meanwhile we ought not to join a "security pact" in order to encourage France to disarm, because that would be merely a partial substitution of our force for hers in maintaining the status quo. Economic sanctions also are to be

avoided, since they are essentially the same as military force. The whole political difficulty disturbs business confidence. It would help the world economic situation tremendously if debts and reparations could be completely canceled tomorrow. France and Belgium had a moral right to payment for physical damage, but Germany has already paid much on this score and may not, under the circumstances, be able to go on with unconditional annuities. France must be the judge of what her security demands. What Mr. Borah did not say, but what clearly follows if his view is correct, is that the way France has interpreted her security is now wrecking the economic security of the world.

AS WE go to press the British are balloting in their Parliamentary election. A victory for the National government is forecast, but what this victory will mean is quite uncertain. The Tories want it to mean a high protective tariff, but they may not have the power to vote one over the objections of their allies from the ranks of the Liberals and Labor. British industry is already recovering on account of the inflation consequent upon the loss of the gold standard; the unemployed are being reabsorbed at the rate of about 30,000 a week. The Conservatives don't like to mention this, or its cause, since it weakens the plea for protection. The election will not settle whether the pound is to be stabilized at a lower level than before. Labor alone is united on something like a policy—a policy which aims frankly at Socialism by socializing first the center of capitalism, the banking system. This policy was adopted, not so much with hope of winning this present election, as with an expectation of coming in with a clear majority later on, after the politicians in power have demonstrated their inability to make the existing economic system work satisfactorily.

THE League of Nations and Japan now confront each other in a deadlock. Japan has been instructed by the Council to withdraw her troops within the treaty zones in Manchuria by November 16, but she has declined to accept any time limit for this

action, insisting on prior settlement of her controversy with China. This attitude may be a device to save both her face and her interest. The chances are that when the League Council reconvenes on the date appointed, it will find the Japanese troops withdrawn. If so, however, it is also probable that before withdrawal they will have accomplished their object of smashing any substance of independent Chinese rule in Manchuria, and of preventing further competition with Japanese economic developments there in the near future. They may even have succeeded in setting up a new government of Manchuria, under a Chinese adventurer subservient to Japan. If this sort of thing happens, Japan will have done efficiently in Manchuria the sort of thing the United States has done blunderingly in Nicaragua, Haiti and the other "backward" regions. She will have done it in a region far more important to herself than any of these were to us. We do not see how the League could have avoided warning her that the dispute must not be settled by force. But such warnings would have greater moral effect if the other members of the League, and the United States, which is coöperating with it, would use their morals on themselves, and in the Occident.

THE hearings of Senator La Follette's committee on his bill to establish a National Economic Council have been pretty well blanketed in the news by the Laval visit, but they have already yielded interesting material. Miss Frances Perkins, Industrial Commissioner of New York State, reported a general decline of health, a return to insanitary tenements, and thousands of broken homes as a result of the depression and the inadequate relief. Mr. Sloan of the Standard Statistics Company testified that since 1928 the net income of 550 leading industrial corporations had about been divided by three; but their dividends have shrunk only from \$1,900,000,000 in 1929 to about \$1,400,000,000 in 1931. Dividends have, of course, been paid out of surplus accumulations made during years of tremendous profit. (Where are the unemployment reserves?) Defaults of bonds have been tremendous; the amount of defaulted interest up to last September was about \$61,000,000, while the face value of the securities in question will, by the end of this year, "be closer to three billions than a billion and a half." Only about one-quarter of these bonds are foreign; the major defaults are in industry. The increase of savings is a sign, not of prosperity, but of depression. Mr. Sloan stated that this is the most severe depression we have ever had on the gold standard. He did not anticipate recovery in the near future, although he said in a guarded fashion that he leaned to the belief that the worst was past. Dr. Goldenweiser of the Federal Reserve Bank, though he expressed no opinions, revealed the interesting fact that farming communities in the West, and even Western cities, are paying a substantially higher rate of interest for bank loans

than are New York customers. The hearings are continuing, and more important testimony is to come.

EXUDING an optimism typical of President Hoover's administrative circle, Mr. Walter S. Gifford has recently broadcast his satisfaction with the way in which American communities are both meeting their unemployment problem and planning for the coming winter. It is well to measure such statements against the precise figures and special reports which have been coming in from the various centers. In Philadelphia, a typical large industrial city, the Lloyd Committee, a group of public-spirited individuals, has been in charge of the Bureau of Unemployment Relief. Through this agency some \$3,000,000, borrowed by the city last June and intended to care for 27,000 starving families up to January 1, 1932, has been distributed in weekly doles to persons who can show themselves to be permanent residents. In the effort to stretch the fund as far as possible, allowances have been held to \$1.50 a week for one person and \$5 weekly for a family of five, plus free milk. This allowance, upon which coolies might survive in the Orient, is far below the sum which certain of the private or sectarian institutions regard as an irreducible minimum. For instance, the Jewish Welfare Society in Philadelphia, after reducing its budget to the lowest limit, has been allowing \$5.22 weekly per single person and \$21.82 per family of five. It can of course provide for only a small proportion of those in need. For the others, in Philadelphia, the unemployment problem has been "met" by giving each famished individual approximately \$1 a week. We cannot assume that other cities are doing much more than the City of Brotherly Love, or that they have much more to dispense, so long as the same decrepit, individualistic methods of relief are being used.

FURTHER evidence accumulates against Secretary Doak's "reorganized" United States Employment Service, which was to be a substitute for the system of the vetoed Wagner bill. It has been "a fraud on the public and the unemployed," according to Dr. W. M. Leiserson, an authority on employment problems and a consulting expert for the government during the War. "The federal directors," he says, "have been sitting in their offices and wondering what it is all about." Last week, the public employment officers assembled at a meeting of their association (the International Association for Public Employment Services) passed a resolution condemning the Doak "reorganization" and calling for a thoroughgoing federal-state-municipal public employment service. It endorsed Senator Wagner's plan. Senator Wagner has made the public announcement that he will reintroduce his bill, which was passed by the last Congress; and it is hoped that this time the presidential veto will not bar the measure from becoming a law.

THE Hewitt reforestation amendment to the New York State Constitution, to be submitted to the voters this November, has brought the two most prominent Democrats into open conflict. The purpose of the amendment is to institute a public reforestation policy. At present the state has a forest reserve of about two million acres, but it is wisely restrained from cutting or marketing the trees which grow there. It is also restrained, less wisely, from cutting or marketing any other trees within an area which includes the most important timber lands of New York. The Hewitt amendment does not affect the present reserves, which are to be kept forever as wild forest lands. It authorizes the state, however, to buy abandoned farms outside the limits of these reserves and to manage them according to the principle of scientific forestry—that is, to grow seedlings in nurseries, transplant them into the idle ground, thin them when necessary, cut them when they have reached the proper size, and plant other trees in their places. Governor Roosevelt is definitely committed to the Hewitt amendment: he has claimed part of the credit for its passage through the legislature. Ex-Governor Smith, in a recent statement, has vehemently opposed it. His attack is widely interpreted as a political gesture, as the announcement of his open antagonism to the man who will probably be the next Democratic candidate for the presidency. But isn't it quite within the bounds of possibility that both Smith and Roosevelt are sincere in the stand they have taken? Such things have been known to happen even in American politics.

CONSIDER, in this case, the political interests of the two men. Smith has been primarily interested in the public finances. He now opposes the Hewitt amendment because, for the next eleven years, it proposes to devote a given sum to reforestation, and because this fixed appropriation is contrary to the principle of the executive budget, for which he has doggedly fought. Roosevelt, on the other hand, has shown a keener interest in regional planning than in any other aspect of government. The reforestation amendment is essential to any statewide plan for New York. Farms, most of them rocky and sterile, are being abandoned there at the rate of 250,000 acres a year. The state, like many others in the East, has too many farms; it has not enough scientifically managed woodlands. Governor Roosevelt is right in supporting the Hewitt amendment, and ex-Governor Smith's objections to it can be easily answered. True, it provides an eleven-year appropriation for the reforestation project, "irrespective of whether or not it is successful or unsuccessful," but no reforesting process can be successful in less than eleven years. True, it puts the state into the lumber business, but very few individuals or corporations are tempted to enter the business of growing lumber, where profits are low and small; they confine themselves to the quick business of cutting it. As for threatening the

present wild forest lands in the Catskills and the Adirondacks, the amendment does nothing of the sort.

A Hollow Victory for Laval

ON ALL political questions raised during the White House conversations, M. Laval appears to have been handsomely victorious. For a year past, Mr. Hoover has been insisting that America would not consent to a reduction of war debts unless the nations of Europe—meaning France—made at least a beginning towards disarmament. We never had much confidence in these tactics, which have now been incontinently abandoned. Mr. Hoover has agreed that no political concessions will be asked in return for our consent to war-debt reduction.

M. Laval was not, apparently, asked to make any concessions whatever on disarmament. The paragraph of the Hoover-Laval communiqué dealing with the forthcoming world-disarmament conference declares: "It is our joint purpose . . . that it will be capable of meeting what is in reality its true mission—that is, the organization of a firm foundation of permanent peace." This is a bad translation of a sentence used by the French last August in a note to the League of Nations, in which they announced brusquely that no reductions in the French army could be considered.

It is evident that only a miracle can now save the disarmament conference. The French plans for the conference are perfectly well known. It is to meet next February, speeches are to be delivered, committees set up. Then France will propose adjournment in order to give the committees opportunity to reconcile opposing views. Sometime next summer, the committees will report failure, and the disarmament conference will quietly and painlessly pass out of existence. The French know that Germany will fiercely oppose any such attempt to torpedo the conference, and they have been fearful that America and England would support Germany's protests. M. Laval has now obtained Mr. Hoover's consent to a formula which effectively ties America's hands. It is a major diplomatic triumph for the French official policy.

M. Laval did not obtain a security pact, but it is hardly likely he had any great hope of obtaining one. The security-pact proposal was really a political bargaining point. Since Mr. Hoover made no demands upon France, there was no occasion for M. Laval to make use of it.

The essential purpose of M. Laval's trip to Washington was to obtain a pledge that America would not, henceforth, interfere with France in Europe, and is entitled to settle European problems in its own way. In plain words, Germany must submit to France, and not look to the United States for help.

The news of Mr. Hoover's decision has been received with alarm and despair in Berlin, and with suppressed irritation in London. French policy is daily pushing Germany nearer to an explosion which, if it ever occurs, will wreck all hope of Europe's economic recovery for years to come. Mr. Hoover, in his conversations with M. Laval, had an opportunity to use the influence of the United States on the side of political stability and moderation in Europe, and that opportunity he blithely kicked away.

The political basis for Europe's economic recovery being lacking, any advances on the economic sector alone would not have been sufficient. But there were no such advances; there were rather retreats. Mr. Hoover has agreed not to make any new proposal for extension of the moratorium or, further, for revision or cancellation of reparations and war debts. What is done must be done "by the European powers primarily concerned," and "within the framework of the agreements existing prior to July 1, 1931." In other words, the machinery which has been provided by the Young Plan must be invoked.

This means, first, that Germany must be placed in the position of suppliant by asking for a moratorium, and that the Bruening government must be further weakened by accepting the domestic odium of this action. It means, then, delay while a politico-economic committee called together by the Bank for International Settlements examines the situation again. And, if the limitations specifically thrown about this committee by the Young Plan are adhered to, it means that no reduction can be made of the "unconditional" annuities, the lion's share of which go to France. These were completely stopped for a year by the Hoover moratorium which took effect last July 1; they can hardly be resumed next year and it is doubtful whether they can ever be paid, if Germany's private indebtedness is to be validated. Germany must make further efforts to pay them and, failing, must ask for new readjustments. Meanwhile we are supposed to have a new debt-funding commission working out a reduction of Allied payments to us on the basis of a new consideration of capacity to pay, consequent upon what may be done about the conditional annuities. Perhaps this is the orderly and lawful way to proceed, but it shrouds the whole issue in uncertainty, it postpones indefinitely the restoration of German credit, it is far too slow a method for a world in crisis.

The vague words about the restoration of monetary stability by maintaining the gold standard in France and the United States offer no tangible ground for hope. The gold standard is not in great danger in either country; France made no real concession in any promise to stop drawing gold from New York, since she could not have driven us off the gold standard if she had tried, without the aid of a scarcely conceivable degree of panic among Americans themselves. The franc is, in reality,

more vulnerable than the dollar. Moreover, neither country profits, under existing circumstances, by remaining on the gold standard. There is much to be said for the proposition that the world would be nearer recovery if both should temporarily leave it and embark on a course of controlled inflation. In any event, international monetary stability cannot eventually be achieved without fundamental readjustments in international balances of trade and of payments.

For such readjustments, tariff revision is necessary. And for world economic recovery, not only is a relaxation of barriers in the way of trade desirable, but a mobilization of idle capital and credit for new investment. Concerning these matters nothing, apparently, was agreed.

Thus M. Laval's unqualified victory for French official policy, his assurance of a free hand in Europe, so far as the United States is concerned, is a hollow victory for peace, for economic recovery, for the ultimate welfare of the French people themselves. The French government, acting in the interest of traditional political slogans, has won a power which it will find difficult to use to the real advantage of the nation it represents. Unless it is hard-headed enough to be satisfied with the success of prestige and to turn about and make real and rapid progress toward appeasement, any recovery of Europe is indefinitely postponed. If Mr. Hoover has been basing his economic policy on the assumption that we must depend on recovery abroad for a revival here, he has suffered a major defeat. We must now proceed to write off any stimulus from Europe for an indefinite future, and take the strongest economic measures which it is possible to take at home, in order to prepare ourselves for the shock of what may happen—or, in the best conceivable event, for the failure of anything helpful to happen for many months.

The Inventor and the World

THE DEATH of Thomas Alva Edison symbolized, to some observers, the end of an era. His was still the individualistic age in scientific investigation. His work was indeed "miraculous" when we recall that it was entirely accomplished through persistent trial and error, through test after test performed with marvelous rapidity and vigor. He was, as Nikola Tesla has said, "the most successful and perhaps the last exponent of the purely empirical method of investigation." But his method, as Tesla holds, was inefficient in the extreme; an immense territory had to be covered; accident played a great part in the results. "Just a little theory and calculation would have saved him 90 percent of his labors."

Since the earlier triumphs of Edison, methods of scientific experiment have changed deeply. More

than ever mathematical calculations limit and define the work of applied science—which is conducted by institutions, by whole organizations, rather than by individuals. It becomes clear, as Professor W. F. Ogburn has shown in his studies of the social role of invention, that an age, an existing status of culture, calls forth its inventions. "An invention depends upon a series of inventions." Not necessity so much as diffused, existing culture is "the mother of invention." This is why we tend to say that an age "clamors" for some product such as the steam engine, the electric lamp or the dynamo.

In the long run the direction of scientific investigation is determined by the given cultural base rather than by brilliant accidents. Impressive evidence for this view is furnished by the fact that so many discoveries have been made at the same time by separate individuals. Owing to the development of mathematics in the latter part of the eighteenth century, the formulation of calculus by both Newton and Leibnitz was made inevitable. Darwin and Wallace arrived at the theory of natural selection simultaneously. Such "coincidences" have multiplied in the last hundred years; and in the case of Edison it is especially true that there were contemporaries abreast of him, alive to nearly all of the same problems. He perfected their unfinished experiments, and they his. Sir Joseph Swan devised the incandescent electric lamp twenty years before Edison, perfected it at the same time as Edison; Edison himself had been but a step behind Bell and Gray in the invention of the telephone, though he supplemented their work with the microphone, thereby making their device commercially feasible. The only original discovery with which he is credited is that of the phonograph. In the "dark continent" of electricity, his principal achievements seem but the elaboration of Faraday's pioneering. All this is no reflection upon the celebrated American inventor; it is but evidence that the great heritage of human knowledge, the common cultural situation, gives the inventor his opportunities and his marching orders.

Individualism in science has become a paradox. The work of science is cumulative and collective; its social effects are incalculable. The work of a single laboratory like Edison's may cause drastic changes in our material culture—yet little or no control has been exercised over the whole procedure of utilizing inventions. Before biological man can turn to face the changed conditions by which he is expected to be the gainer, he may suffer disorders and dislocations of all kinds. It seems no longer admissible that the fruits of a collective science should be left to chance or to anti-social pre-emption.

Modern sociologists have advanced the theory of "the cultural lag" as the source of most of our social troubles. By this theory, rapid changes in material culture are seen to precede changes in adaptive culture. Various departments of human activity do not change at the same rate; hence, there

is too often a painful gap left between education, for instance, and industry. Since we have reached a point where our technological institutions can produce almost any machine that is required, it becomes necessary to use far more prediction, planning, control, in the collective interest, so that the lag in the human adaptation may be wiped out. Failing this, we are left with the gloomy conviction—in the wake of such a career as Edison's—that biological man is to become completely the slave of machinery and electricity.

When Edison had completed his first commercial generating station in 1882, making electric lighting universal, he turned to other fields of experiment. How was his great device exploited? He had a secretary named Samuel Insull, who left his side to become in time one of the mightiest of public-utility capitalists. The motives of men like Insull, it has been widely remarked, are far different from the disinterested ones of the true scientist; and much of the possible gain accruing to mankind from inventions has been dissipated in their hands.

Among the thousands who commented publicly on the death of Edison, none expressed the whole problem of "the cultural lag" so wisely or with so much dignity as Albert Einstein. "Edison," he said, "was one of the great technical inventors to whom we owe the amelioration and embellishment of our outward life. Thankfully we accept his legacy, not only as a gift of his genius, but also as a charge placed in our hands. For to the new generation falls the task of finding the right use of the gifts given to us. Only if it fills this task will the new generation be worthy of its inheritance and become really happier than former generations."

Railroad Interests at War

THERE are five major interests involved in railroad policy. First is the need of the community as a whole for an efficient transportation system. Second is the desire of shippers for as low rates as are compatible with good service. Third is the requirement of railroad labor for good wages, decent conditions and full employment. Fourth is the stake of those who lend money to the roads on the safety of their securities. And fifth is the desire of the stockholders for profits.

Those who have active management of the railroads represent legally one interest alone—that of the stockholders. Their whole background and point of view is such that they tend to place this interest first. In pursuit of this interest they are checked by the general economic situation, by the Interstate Commerce Commission representing the public, by the shippers, by labor, and by the legal primacy of the bondholders in the distribution of net earnings.

These five interests are to a large extent interdependent, in obvious ways. Yet there are equally obvious conflicts among them, which are immensely

sharpened during a depression, when general prices fall and railroad traffic and income are greatly reduced.

Labor is the first to suffer, by the reduction of employment. Thousands of railroad men have lost their jobs—many of them before the onset of the existing depression, and many of them permanently. Many other thousands have incomes drastically reduced by part time. Those still at work are protected only against reduction of their rate of pay, by the strength of their organizations and an intricate process of adjustment enacted in federal law. Stockholders suffer next, though it is difficult to make any generalization about them. Many roads have paid no dividends for years, and in many cases the fault can be traced to financial and other mismanagement. Other roads have been immensely profitable. On most of these dividends have now been cut or have disappeared. But those who buy stock are avowedly buying a speculative type of investment, and public concern about what happens to them is not legitimately large. Shippers have suffered by virtue of the depression to an extent not generally understood. When prices of commodities are falling, and incomes are falling, a railroad rate which does not fall is in reality one which has risen. Its importance as an element of cost has increased, and the tax it lays on the economic community is made so much the heavier.

Injury to these three interests did not bring action. Only when security holders were endangered was something done. Here again, we cannot generalize. The bonds of the stronger roads appear still to be safe. But in some cases securities are in default and receiverships threaten. The public is rightfully concerned about this situation. These bonds provide income for banks and insurance companies whose solvency is in turn necessary for the health of the general economy, as well as for the support of many persons of moderate means. If some of these persons lose their incomes, the loss is, to be sure, no worse than the loss of employment by workers. But, in the present economic set-up, public agencies are more alert to prevent security losses, because if railroads lose their credit, the need for transportation cannot be met, under private ownership.

The plea of the owners and the bondholders was for higher rates and a higher railroad income. The Interstate Commerce Commission recognized, however, that a time of depression was no time for a general increase in freight rates. Even if such a change had been just, it would have been ineffective for the end desired, since it probably would have driven away still more traffic. Moreover, it was not necessary to provide increased income to meet the requirements of all railroad bonds, but only for those of the distressed roads. A flat increase, if it had been effective, would have had to swell the profits of the strong roads in order to protect the credit of the weaker ones. Therefore the Commission offered permission to increase rates on some

commodities which could bear it best, provided the railroads which did not need the extra income would pass it over to those which did. The Commission acted on the assumption that the railroads form an essential public service which must, in this respect at least, be treated as a united system. They taxed some of the shippers and the whole public to some degree, with the proviso that the proceeds of the tax would be used, in a sense, collectively.

The disposition of the officials of stronger roads to reject this proposal and rather try to derive the necessary income by demanding further sacrifices from labor was essentially prompted by the interest of their shareholders. Clearly, they had hoped to make use of the desperate situation of the bonds of weaker railroads in order to increase profits, if not at the expense of the shippers, then at the expense of the wage earners. Though their zeal was moderated by financial powers, they still want to lend, not to give, the extra earnings to the weaker roads. Instinctively they regard these earnings as the private property of their respective companies, not as a publicly granted means of grace to ease over a difficult public crisis.

This still unfinished incident should prompt the public and labor to consider seriously the anomalous situation created by management of the roads in the interest of private owners. If there had been no private owners, the public interest could have been served much more simply, without lengthy negotiation and bargaining. The sharing which the Interstate Commerce Commission proposes would have been achieved as a matter of course, by an administrative act, if we had had a unified railroad system publicly owned. Indeed, it might not have been necessary to increase rates at all. We should be in a position greatly to improve efficiency of operation in ways which cannot be enforced at present, because of the particularism of the executives of competitive, privately owned systems. Why should railroads provide a field for gain-seeking? Why should they be managed in that interest which is the least important of all? If this one interest were eliminated, it would be an easier task to adjust the others.

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The "New Era": Its Rise and Fall

I: *The Plateau of Prosperity*

THE NEW ERA was blessed not only with the happiest physical conditions, but with a mystical state of mind. During those seven fat years, the gospel of a new social order was preached fervently to millions of Boy and Girl Scouts. It was the work of realtors, steelmongers, automobile makers and pork packers who had cast aside all such political and moral conventions as would have bridled their advance, and had served or enriched themselves in a manner that made the enrichment of all other Americans painless. At the centers of learning, the younger generations were exhorted not to question things or to reason overmuch. They were urged plainly—by way of many "Success Stories" which were always the same—to go forth and become good salesmen, publicity agents and junior executives to the kings of steel, radio or sausage. Above all it was clearly conveyed to them that we were the chosen people, probably forever spared such cruel social transformations as befell the peoples of Europe. Dynamic capitalism had in its progress outflanked all issues of social justice. It had produced the New Era. Its prosperity was built in granite. Our only danger lay in not estimating the future generously enough.

On December 12, 1928, the laconic Yankee lawyer stood, as if with folded arms, looking back at the five and a half happy years of his administration. For him the period had opened at a moment of political confusion and scandal; it ended under smiling skies. The states were tranquil; even capital and labor were cheerful bedfellows. And in the last years industrial activity had been geared to an unheard-of speed. Was it because the world had suffered from a genuine shortage of goods and housing space of all kinds since the War? Or did new products, unknown a generation before, contribute most to the acceleration of all business? At any rate, gleaming new structures arose every day throughout the land; the volume of trade grew more swollen; the stock and commodity markets advanced always in wave upon wave of enthusiasm. There were, to be sure, certain seamy places well within sight. But the politician of narrow imagination happily shut his eyes to them. The American scene of late 1928, in his contented vision, could be likened only to an earthly paradise.

A serene valedictory accompanied Mr. Coolidge's exit. The American people might well "regard the present with satisfaction and anticipate the future with optimism," he said. While his eyes swept over the broad, rich states from the vantage point of Washington, his back was turned to the East, with

its troubled oceans and continents. Did not the fortune of America prove that her way of isolation within an economic cordon was the better way, that Americans were really of finer stuff than other peoples, and finally that their prodigious prosperity could in no way be affected by the calamities of old Europe? This nation alone, as Mr. Coolidge beautifully put it, "had entered the charmed circle of diminishing expenditures, diminishing tax rates and increasing profits." And into this enchanting condition it had been directed by the G. O. P., whose leader was ostensibly Mr. Coolidge, but whose supreme necromancer was generally thought to be a certain rich and handsome old gentleman from Pittsburgh.

The politics of Coolidge and Mellon had been primarily an affair of perfect *rapprochement* with high finance. The executive arm of government had never before worked in such beautiful unison with the designs of the more respectable industrialists and bankers. When, in the history of the country, had the pulse of the Cabinet been so delicately attuned to that of Wall Street? Indeed, it might have been said that a great many of the White House pronouncements were made with one eye upon the stock-ticker, and were intended to cheer on speculative daring, while administering rebuffs to the spirit of caution. The heavy industries, the railroads and public utilities were carefully pampered by a policy of easy money. They were lulled into a sense of complete security by the further policy of slight government control and even less legislation. At a nod or a wink from the friendly Capitol they would embark on newer and greater mergers, whereby profits were augmented, if not always rates, and three shares of stock were made to bloom where only two had grown before.

Happy as Coolidge seemed in making his farewell bows, happier and more confident still was his successor. For eight years the great engineer had been gathering statistics and holding conferences with business men in preparation for the presidency. His rise to power meant nothing less than a "scientific business government"—where other leaders had kept, or pretended to keep, as remote as possible from industrial interests. It was on such terms that the distinguished Secretary of the Treasury stumped for his colleague, since he announced solemnly that the election of Mr. Hoover and the retention of the Republican party in power was "the best assurance of prosperity."

But Mr. Hoover had been even more lyrical on the occasion of his acceptance of his nomination:

With impressive proof of magnificent progress . . . no one can rightly deny the fundamental correctness of our economic system. . . . Man for man and woman for woman we are today more capable, whether in the work of farm, factory or business than ever before. . . .

Equality of opportunity is the right of every American, rich or poor, foreign or native-born, irrespective of faith or color. It is the right of every individual to attain that position in life to which his ability and character entitle him.

Under the American system, under "this idea of individualism," Mr. Hoover maintained, opportunity had been constantly widening for eight years. Our national income had increased by thirty billions, or over 45 percent. There were three and a half million more and better homes; there were six million more telephones, seven million more radio sets, fourteen million more automobiles, the great statistician reported. Thus the facts themselves proved that the American system of prosperity was the successful "negation of socialism . . . the negation of anarchism, the negation of despotism."

The frenzied climax of Mr. Hoover's campaign for prosperity was reached in his Newark address, September 17, 1928, before a gathering of labor unions. His program, he declared, was nothing less than to "abolish poverty, to protect labor, to maintain its prosperity." The very foundations of economic progress were "full and stable employment"; the assurance of "full work, all the time" was to be the national concern. (The sober workmen in the audience could scarcely believe their ears.) But further progress, Mr. Hoover qualified, "depends upon prosperity." "At no time have we had more able leaders in economic life than today."

When the tidings of Mr. Hoover's election were received, the fame of American prosperity had spread to all corners of the globe. The long protracted bull market rose to new peaks and christened itself "the Hoover market." Nations in all parts of the world, disrupted China, Communist Russia, commercially stagnant England, were all invited to follow our example and adopt our principles. But what were these principles? What were the causes of our miraculous good fortune?

In May, 1929, the preliminary report of the President's Committee on Recent Economic Changes was issued to the press. Though compiled by various experts, it bore the signatures of the new economic leaders such as Dr. Julius Klein, Mr. Daniel Willard, Mr. Owen D. Young, Mr. John J. Ras-kob and others of the same caliber. This report was an attempt at the interpretation of the happy developments witnessed during the last seven years. Among the causes cited as making for American prosperity there were, first, "scientific business management," which meant mass production, time and labor-saving machinery, and intensified division of labor; second, the acceptance by capital of the prin-

ciple of high wages for labor, from which resulted a high standard of living and high consuming power—"labor-saving machinery turned out to be job-making machinery"; third, the creation of new wealth and activity by the manufacture of new products, previously unknown; fourth, the rapid increase of sales, through new methods of selling, that is to say, "high-pressure selling."

The Committee's report gave a picture of "a country that had ceased to be concerned with its primary needs, food, clothing and shelter, and reaching out for other luxuries, among them the radio, the automobile and electrical household appliances, had, by its demand for services, made possible the expansion of new industries that provided employment for thousands." Americans had found ways of producing more goods per hour of labor, hence received larger real wages. The "reality of the gains seemed to be established beyond question." There was even increased "consumption of leisure," the survey continued.

As long as appetite for goods and service is insatiable, and as long as productivity can be consistently increased, it would seem that we can go on increasing activity. . . . Wants are almost insatiable; one want satisfied makes way for another. The conclusion is that economically we have a boundless field before us.

However, certain reservations were made by the experts which were not widely remarked. There were potentially disturbing elements in the background of the bright scene: these were chiefly reflected in a credit stringency caused by the widespread stock speculation of the American people, who were "not only using their savings, but money borrowed from the banks." Building construction was undoubtedly hampered by the diversion of funds to stocks. These and other factors suggested economic dangers or disorders, and to achieve balance it would need "intelligence and leadership and strenuous effort"; it would need "a technique of equilibrium."

What would the Committee do to safeguard prosperity? It proposed "that more statistics of all sorts should be gathered," and that there be a sort of central, super-statistical, fact-finding body with a great number of advisers, among business men, wage earners, farmers and "outside members representing the statistical profession." The business leaders proposed, in short, orgies of fact-finding greater than anything Mr. Hoover had yet attempted, and they urged, besides, even "the periodic interpretation of facts." But little heed was given to the reservations of the Committee, which were generally printed in the after parts of the daily newspapers.

The whole mentality of the period reflected the widely disseminated, uncalculating optimism. The nation was fascinated by the spectacle of rising markets, and it poured its gold so freely into Wall Street that the whole outside world felt the pinch

of credit. European statesmen denounced the passive policy of our Federal Reserve Bank, which was supposedly able to control funds by changes in its rediscount rate. In England Lord Rothermere remarked that Wall Street had seized control of credit, and that it would be better for the Labor government to keep on good terms with Wall Street than with Washington. As security loans mounted to more than five and six billions of dollars, it was gravely argued that common stocks offered a medium of investment superior to bonds and savings-bank accounts, thanks to the stockholder's share in future profits.

It was a New Era; and its phenomena could not be judged by past lessons. When great corporations announced that their employees were buying their shares out of wages and becoming "part owners" in the enterprise, such developments were hailed as signs of a peaceful "revolution" which would bring about a redistribution of wealth—"peculiarly American and distinctive in character." Instalment buying had been hailed as another "revolution" that brought untold good to the masses. The future earning power of the man in the street was at last being "capitalized" by numberless finance companies. And, beside himself with excitement, Henry Ford made a statement to the press to the effect that the good and true American no longer believed in saving, but spent his money freely on everything he could think of. All things grew "obsolete" overnight, in those days: the car, the kitchen, the bathroom, the office, all must be scrapped at once and replaced. Sales resistance was routed everywhere by the method of "obsolescence." And by all these means combined, an immense acceleration was effected in all the economic forces which had been long at work.

Direction was given to society, upon the plateau of prosperity, by the government of business rather than by statesmen. New products, a vacuum tube, a substitute silk, an automobile device, or new constructions such as a series of skyscrapers, hydro-electric plants, all these had a far more decisive influence upon the people than the orations of old-fashioned Senators. What the degree and nature of such changes should be was decided in the councils of the business dynasts, those leaders whose names reappeared more and more frequently in connection with the issues of the time. It was decided by them that Americans should gird themselves to produce a hundred million more pairs of shoes, ten million motor cars a year, and approximately 50 percent more steel than in the pre-war period. Business alone ruled, as it had long been urged to rule. Good business would abolish poverty; it would abolish even depressions, as experts showed it could easily do, in works entitled "American Prosperity," or "The Road to Plenty" or "Wealth for All."

Among the newcomers of the younger generation there was a tendency to smug acceptance of the

"rules of the game" as they entered into stock selling or pork packing. The "yes man" was a new breed that flourished within the comfortable routine of the great industrial and financial units. The "yes man" needed no ideas of his own, in the midst of plenty. Indeed, interest in ideas themselves was then at a minimum, since few thought with any concern about the future. The radios, the cinema, the theatre, books, "family magazines," tabloids, were all part of the great "pleasure industry" which accounted automatically for the necessary "consumption of leisure." The men of the New Era took their ideas, or certainly those ideas which played a real part in their lives, from the statements issued after directors' meetings, or from success stories, or interviews given out by economic leaders; these mighty beings alone were their models and spokesmen.

But mass production and labor-saving machinery—did they not present problems for "the great and constructive administration of President Hoover," as the business men gratefully defined it? Were not the processes of "rationalizing" industry being advanced too rapidly, while hundreds of thousands of consumers were being irrationally demobilized? Nonsense. "Real prosperity depends on machinery," said the great man of Dearborn, who had done more than any other one man to hasten the New Era. "To those who say this will produce idleness, the reply is the other way. For making machines means making more machines, and consequently we have more production and better wages." Or did someone with slight misgivings whisper that the stock market was too high; or recalling the terrible alternations in fortune typical of this country, pretend there was a certain danger in "the nation-wide orgy of speculation," then some great La Salle Street financier, like Mr. Melvin Traylor of the First National Bank of Chicago, would assure us that "the nation need no longer fear being plunged again into the depths of the more violent financial panics such as have occurred in the past." . . . And there was always Mr. Charles M. Schwab, who said, on March 6, 1929, "I do not feel that there is any danger to the public in the situation." Or Mr. Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank would scatter confidence everywhere, saying:

No complaint regarding the level of stock prices is justified, except from the standpoint of credit strain. The rise of stocks during the year must be attributed to prevailing confidence that American business is destined to grow rapidly in volume. . . . It goes without saying that there is basis for this view.

In the councils of the Federal Reserve Board, where much power to achieve "equilibrium" actually resided, the credit strain caused by the endless diversion of money to stock loans appeared to provide a real problem. There had been some talk of "reversing the engine." But successive increases in the rediscount rate had taken no effect upon the

runaway market; and Federal Reserve officials were reluctant to use more drastic measures, which, as they phrased it, might "chill business."

In the early weeks of 1929, Paul Warburg, who, under Wilson, had aided in the creation of the central banking system, made a vigorous attack upon the Federal Reserve Board. It had yielded control of credit, he declared, to a group of Wall Street operators who "governed the flow of money not only in the United States, but in the principal marts of the world," so that the whole banking structure was staggering under "this inflated, inverted pyramid." He issued a somber warning of the approach of "a general collapse, throwing the whole country into depression." But the greater business minds rallied and chided Mr. Warburg, who remained a lonely dissenter. Where he had urged that the Federal Reserve Banks raise their loan rates drastically, various experts, such as Professor Bronson Foster, urged that they should be lowered instead.

After the spring of 1929 the pace of industry itself had begun to slacken—although we perceive this best in perspective, as a permanent turning of the road rather than a momentary undulation. Commodity prices as a whole, using the average of 1926 as a yardstick, had actually reached their high a full year before, in September, 1928, and had fallen from 2 to 4 percent in 1929. Likewise building contracts, measured by the average of the period between 1923 and 1925, had reached a peak of 139 in June, 1928, and save for temporary bulges, had fallen off quite sharply in the following year to an index figure of about 120 for most of 1929; after June, 1929, the fall in building (on a seasonal basis) was rapid and uninterrupted. Other departments of business, using the 1923-1925 yardstick as "normal" and allowing for seasonal influences, show a downward turn after the end of the spring of 1929. Freight-car loadings by the railroads, which usually give an accurate account of the country's circulation of goods, had begun to drop after June, 1929, from the peak figure of 108; the rate of manufacturing had turned downward after June, 1929, from the record index figure of 129; and the rate of industrial production as a whole (including minerals) had passed its peak of 127, also in June. Business itself was slowing down perceptibly, rather than expanding.

Traditionally the stock market has been supposed to foreshadow such a change several months in advance; instead it pursued its own rhythm; it pictured only an eternal expansion.

By September 19, 1929, the average of fifty stocks, as given by The New York Times, had risen as much in less than nine months as in the whole five years preceding 1929. Those who had qualms—as, for instance, Mr. Roger Babson, who predicted a break of from fifty to sixty points in the averages—were cheerily answered by the typical spokesmen of the day. Professor Irving Fisher,

the Yale economist, announced on October 16 that stocks could probably never fall to their old levels. They had reached "what looks like a permanently high plateau."

Thus, the people of the United States, alone among nations, had come to live upon a high plateau within sight of Heaven. Everyone's wages were increasing, or were supposed to. Everyone could buy absolutely anything on a liberal installment plan. And in the meantime the privateers of capital had undergone a change of heart; they believed in the "economy of high wages" instead of in "grinding the faces of the poor," so that strong buying power was extended to the masses. As combinations in industry, through mergers, grew larger still, they tended to reduce hours of labor, and also the cost of their products on the big-volume-low-unit-cost principle. Dynamic capitalism had simply grown benevolent, because it paid. Many theorists foresaw "a new social order" whereby industry was concentrated in the hands of a few giant trusts, which were in turn owned by the people as stockholders and regulated by them; these trusts would rebuild the whole country, and provide endless services or activities for its population, whose growth was said to be incessant.

Once more I must quote one of the popular philosophers of the time, a distinguished economist, a scholar and an expert whose maxims were cherished at the White House: "We are living in the age of mergers under the Coolidge and Hoover administrations," said Professor Irving Fisher, who was in Washington, on October 22, 1929, by a happy coincidence; "and the old 'trust-busting sentiment' has lapsed almost completely. These mergers have effected great economies and have therefore increased the profits of corporations to a great extent. Every merger boosts the stock of the merged companies."

It was mergers, then, that accounted for the millennium. Mergers kept all the big and little wheels turning at an accelerating speed. Fear of the future and discomfort were banished; and man who, throughout the ages had been for the most part an unhappy, hungry, thinly clad animal, barely able to survive the disasters which the elements periodically inflicted upon him, was freed of anxiety, or even from the need of planning for tomorrow. Elsewhere nations might be living in a kind of purgatory, as in England or Germany, denying themselves the most fundamental things so that wars and other follies of the past might be paid for; here men lived in an economic Paradise, in the midst of abundance; and yet, as the most famous spokesmen of the time assured them, they "seemed only to have touched the fringe of their potentialities. . . ."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

In a second article Mr. Josephson will discuss the crash of October, 1929, and the consequent efforts of Mr. Hoover and business leaders to "speed on prosperity."—THE EDITORS.

YORKTOWN

I

General Greene turned away from Guilford
And made for Troublesome to rest the troops
And wait for the militia to come back.
Cornwallis galloped down the Cape Fear
To get word off to England about his victory.
After a while it reached there, and Charles Fox,
Who had his hunches, remarked: "One more like that,
And it's goodbye British army."

He had the range. . . . Come April,
Greene was loose again, leaving
His one-shot home guards, leading
His lead-chawing Continentals, warming
Lord Rawdon's rear with Lee and Marion, prying
In between Cornwallis and the South, saying:
"Lick me again; I like it."

Lord Rawdon caught him at Hobkirk's Hill,
Rolled back his picket line, balled up his Continentals;
And Colonel Washington flanked just in time
To save the artillery. . . . So that was another win,
And Greene had to move off—but Rawdon couldn't move
in:

Strapped for a fight, stumped for a move, he headed back
To the coast. . . . And Lord Cornwallis,
Glad to be spared more triumphs, kept on,
Going north, to Yorktown.

II

All the great hopes that began at Great Meadows
Had simmered down to this: within the year
The war had to be won, or else the States
Would sink through inanition into colonies again;
Military malnutrition would work its way with them,
With the coöperation of the Continental Congress.

So Washington cuddled De Barras into going south
With a siege train; bluffed Clinton
Into staying north, and got the troops moving
Down through Jersey. . . . At the Head of Elk
He waited for the French and the voice of Congress;
And presently that worthy carcass reared itself, debating:
"Resolved, that the army should be reduced at once." . . .
Ah, Messrs. Hancock and Adams, how you must have
gratified

The Commander-in-Chief. . . . He hadn't known
But that you'd be peddling West Point to Clinton,
Instead of aiming merely to cripple the nation's sword arm
As it poised for the master thrust. . . . Giving thanks,
perhaps,

For the fool that checked the knave, the great Virginian
Wangled transports from De Barras, from De Grasse
The promise of blockade, money from Robert Morris,
And went sailing down the Chesapeake Bay.

III

Tarleton, gay killer of prisoners, cantered out
For a tilt with the Duc de Lauzun's cavalry,
And returned without waiting for the horse
He'd gotten away on after the Cowpens.
Washington extended his lines—Americans right,
French left, Virginia's militia on Gloucester Neck;
And Cornwallis shrank toward the inner works.
Von Steuben got busy opening parallels,
And the heavies came up from Williamsburg;
On the ninth a steady rain of shells
Began to whistle into town.
The right redoubt fell before the Americans;
The left redoubt fell before the French;
And Cornwallis's hopes came tumbling down
When the heavies moved forward to new emplacements
Where they could toss case-shot into his lap
As he sat at breakfast. . . . He made a last decision:
"Let the Irish do the dirty work": so General O'Hara
Led the troops out to pile their arms
And gave up the invader's sword to General Lincoln.

IV

And all was quiet above the Carolinas,
Save for the measured bumbling of Congress,
The flap of Charles Lee's bonny white feather,
And the wet smack of Horatio Gates. . . . Old Yorktown
Settled down to sleep a hundred-fifty years, waiting
For Hoover and another Valley Forge,
When many would scrimp and a few would gorge,
After a hundred-fifty years. . . . Say, where would George
Washington be standing now?—with the troops
In the trenches?—or with the sutlers who, having led
them there,
Somnambulize on conferential benches, or rattle around
In the presidential chair? . . . I know the proposition
Has been demonstrated; but repetition
Is the life of tirade, and fools
Won't be learnt in lecture schools. . . .
I know the Virginian stayed
With the double-crossed, the out-of-luck—the plundered
and frozen;
And that to the gifted swine who had been chosen
To guide the nation through its early ill
He sent embittered letters, steel-chill with reproach. . . .
But they—
Like sutler souls in any day—
Kept on wrecking the plans of their betters,
And not until Spring broke had they had their fill
Of sabotage and death—yes, and even then, they halted,
Not because they glimpsed a light, or because
They were shocked at what they had done to men,
But from fear that overawed their envy quite. . . . York-
town?
Yorktown? . . . Try to bring
Forces that will hurry Spring.

MURRAY GODWIN.

Eisenstein in Hollywood

EISENSTEIN arrived in Hollywood in the spring of 1930. He had signed a contract with Jesse M. Lasky in Paris to work for Paramount at \$3,000 a week.

The first subject proposed to the great Russian director was the adventures of the early Jesuit fathers among the Indians of the Southwest—a subject which did not interest him. He did find, however, in California history another subject which aroused his imagination—the story of Sutter's gold. He wanted to show the German trader building up, through years his pioneer settlement, his stronghold of civilization, among the Mexicans and Indians of the West; and then, when gold was discovered on his land, immediately deserted by his men, robbed of his property and prestige and ruined. Eisenstein prepared what is said by those who saw it to have been a brilliant scenario on this subject; but the movie people did not like the moral which Eisenstein had made it illustrate and he was obliged to seek another theme.

Dreiser's "American Tragedy" was next brought to his attention. This interested Eisenstein very much: he understood it as Dreiser meant it to be understood, as a tragedy of American bourgeois ideals. He made a scenario in which Clyde Griffiths' early environment was given its full value—in which after his glimpses as a bellboy of the luxurious life of the hotel, he was brought back home to the dreary mission again; and in which the murder trial was made an indictment of the society which was condemning him and whose standards he had been doing his best to live up to.

But this did not please the movie producers either. They had come to doubt Eisenstein's ability to make a commercial American film. The kind of thing they wanted him to do he stubbornly refused to do; and they could see no money in the kind of thing he suggested. Furthermore, instead of being overjoyed to work with the high-salaried actors they offered him, he insisted on casting the "American Tragedy" with authentic non-professional types as he had been in the habit of doing in Russia: he wanted to look for a real Clyde Griffiths among the Los Angeles filling stations and hotels.

And in the meantime, he had become an object of attack on the part of one of the Los Angeles professional patriots—a Major Frank Pease, generally supposed to be in the pay of the Better America Federation. Major Pease made a vehement campaign: he telegraphed congressmen and Senators; he circularized the whole community. He characterized Eisenstein as a "Red Dog" and made him responsible for all the atrocities alleged to have been committed by the Soviets since the November Revolution. He demanded to know

whether Southern Californians were going to sit idly by and let this Bolshevik murderer and robber instill his insidious poison through American films.

California seems, for some reason, one of the most timorous and intolerant sections of the country: not only have the Californians a criminal-syndicalist law but they even, in Los Angeles at any rate, raid the offices of the association organized to obtain its repeal. In any case, the upshot was that the heads of Paramount disagreed over Eisenstein and that the people who were against him won out. He was not allowed even to begin a picture and at the end of the six months of his contract he was told that they had no further use for him. The producers were so anxious to get rid of him that—fearing, with the curious Hollywood psychology, that other producers might get hold of him and be able to use him after they had passed him up—they bought him his ticket back to Russia by way of Japan for the moment the contract expired. His passport would expire with the contract.

In this pass, Eisenstein went to Upton Sinclair, who lives in Pasadena. He was distressed: he couldn't bear to return to Russia with nothing to show for his trip, forced to confess that he had been beaten by Hollywood. And he had had the idea of going down to Mexico—since he was compelled to leave the United States—and making a film there. Sinclair undertook to raise the money. He got Eisenstein's passport slightly extended and he appealed for funds to some of the radical millionaires who flourish so oddly in Southern California with the rising flood of retired Iowans all around them. Eisenstein took a trip to New York, where he obtained the Russian rights on "Once in a Lifetime," George Kaufman's satire on Hollywood; and then, last December, he got off to Mexico with his camera man and scenario man.

After he had gone, a film was made of "An American Tragedy" by an American director, von Sternberg. Dreiser had been much disappointed at not having Eisenstein to direct his story, and when he saw von Sternberg's film, he was furious: he made a public protest against Paramount's treatment of his novel and sued them for having violated the terms of his contract by misrepresenting his whole meaning. Dreiser lost his suit; but as a result of his insistence, certain changes were made in the film. And his protest had its moral effect: its reverberations can still be heard in Hollywood. The writers of the movie columns in the newspapers are still spitting and hissing at Dreiser and all the movie people you meet intelligent enough to understand the issues seem embarrassed about the episode.

In his statement, Dreiser called on American writers to stand up for their work in the films. He reminded them that the imagination of the Americans got most of its food from the movies; and that at a time when the country was in a crisis which peculiarly demanded realistic understanding the movies were still bemusing them systematically with sentimental lies about their own lives and lies about life in general. And he warned the public that "An American Tragedy," as filmed, did not at all say what he had intended it to say.

People hastened to object to this that if you took the movie producers' money, you ought to know perfectly well what was in store for you and be willing to kiss your creation goodbye. But the truth was that Dreiser had made people uneasy by giving an example of taking the movies seriously—something which, by general agreement in America, isn't done. It was too horrible to think that anything depended on what the movie producers gave the public. The movies had been one of the features of the great American prosperity wallow and everybody had wallowed in them to some extent.

Yet von Sternberg's "American Tragedy" is a kind of fruit at second-hand of Eisenstein's sojourn in Hollywood. It is not exactly bad, but half-baked. It has pretensions to artistic sincerity, but it is basically unsatisfactory. Some of the characters are happily cast and there are some well directed realistic scenes; but it is true that it betrays Dreiser's intention. What is left out is Clyde's own point of view which alone can give the story significance. Lacking this, it becomes a melodrama of more or less commonplace seduction, with the formula varied only a little by having the villain weak as well as mean. In deference no doubt to Dreiser, Clyde's poor old mother is introduced at the end and made to explain that it really isn't his fault, as his parents had never paid proper attention to him; but this is the first we have seen of his family and we have seen nothing of his early life. During the trial, there are recurrent flashes of newspapers; but as we have been given no clue to the role which the newspapers have played in Clyde's American world, they have no ironic implication. And the trial, so far from being a criticism of society, is very much like any murder trial in any ordinary detective play. Furthermore, the pale powder and paintlike lipsticks of Hollywood make-up, the hollow-looking "flats" of Hollywood sets, never let us get far away from the studios.

Eisenstein in Mexico, in the meantime, was having a free hand for the first time in his life. True, it was Communism alone which could have made possible his development as an artist. A non-profit-making enterprise, it had freed him from commercial considerations; a church, it had given him a framework of dogma, a definite and serious point of view; a religion, it had inspired him nobly; a program of efficiency and economy, it had spurred him to technical discovery and at the same time

ruled out waste or display; a cult of realism, it had compelled him to seek beauty in ordinary objects, men and events. But efficiency may rush and embarrass an artist and economy may cramp him; and a rigid political creed which is always demanding fables to point its morals may have its irksome side. Eisenstein, entranced with the Mexican scenery, so different from the bleak gulf of Finland or the flat expanses of the collective farms, became carried away with the ambition to make a perfect film, excellent alike as photography and as drama, the supreme masterpiece up to date of the movies. And he was fortunate in interesting the owner of a large old hacienda on the road between Mexico City and Vera Cruz, who put the whole place and its personnel at his disposal.

Eisenstein has now been in Mexico nine months and he has sent back 110,000 feet of film. He wants to make 160,000 feet. He is working under peculiarly difficult conditions because he has no way of seeing his "rushes" and so doesn't know how any of his shots have come out; and when he gets back to Hollywood, will not be able to correct mistakes by retaking.

He sends up his rushes in large batches, however, and they are run off and censored by the Mexican consul and others and inspected for the producers by film reviewers who don't know quite what to make of them. As you watch in the silence of the little muffled darkened projection-room the jumbled successions of wonderfully composed pictures of which each sequence has at the same time as a whole the fluid design of a passage in music; the bursts of light or shade, clear shapes or obscure masses, the balances of one against the other; the retaking a dozen or more times of a scene or a single look or gesture with all sorts of variations of tempo, perspective and motivation; the hardly varying long stretches of landscape or of the pose of some object or figure, from which the single significant glimpse must be selected—as you watch, you get a new idea of the plasticity of the films as a medium and you are ready to believe that Eisenstein has indeed produced the first real artistic masterpiece of the movies. For Eisenstein is able to work to an extent to which no director not Russian works—instead of with theatrical sets, properties and actors—with the raw materials of life; and he succeeds in absorbing these—landscapes, people, plants, animals, tools, furniture, clothing and buildings—into his artist's imagination in a way that no Hollywood director has ever been able to do with all the animals and actors especially trained for him, all the fancy costumes and properties specially provided, by the Hollywood studios.

This Mexican film is to be a suite of three episodes, each with a different set of characters, but illuminating each other and coming together in a single composition. The first is a tragedy of the Mexican peons under the Diaz regime; the second a romance of the master class during the same period; and the third a story of one of the camp followers

of the army of the Revolution. From a day's showing of rushes you can more or less disengage the latter part of the first of these episodes: the hunting, capture and punishment of a peon boy. The boy has killed his sweetheart, who has been raped by the master of the hacienda; and has fled with two companions. In an earlier sequence, he has been shown with his profile alongside the profile of a stone statue of one of the Aztec kings, which it is seen to match exactly.

White sunlight: a white sky with against it a shifting abstract pattern of whiteness created by a parody bull made of paper stretched on a frame and carried by one of the peon boys; the great white round sombreros of the boys making ellipses against the dark background of a courtyard: one of them is summoned by a guard, he sullenly comes forward; a bull hopping around in a bull-ring, the spectators seen from the point of view of the torreador, dizzily swimming and tilting; the tangled crab-feet of the cactus jungle: the pursuers ride through on horseback, the boys in sombreros hide under the cactus; white light and black shadow in the arcade of the hacienda, an architectural drama from an angle above the roofs: the guards pace along the arcade, the boys follow them on the roof and watch them; a blurred forest, gray blurrings of moss—the first light, a running mountain stream quick and quivering where all else is numb—it grows light, men lie asleep—they wake, one rouses up the others—at once with swift simple movements, they take their guns and go; a white bright round sombrero against duller rounded cloud masses: a dark face with white teeth and amiable eyes is made to smile and smile again; now he is shooting among the cactus—he has made a good shot, he smiles—then you see his hand suddenly limp and the cartridges rolling out of it; the daughter of the household in a riding costume of the nineties, tremulous and feminine, caricatured; crouching under a cactus during the hunt, she gets in the way of one of the hunters

and gets hit by a bullet from the hunted; she lies dead amid Catholic trappings; the open door of the corral in the morning, beyond it the wide valley and the mountains: the burros go out, the sheep follow; the goats, the herds and dogs; the cattle crowd the door with their backs; finally a cowboy comes a moment after, dashing and flourishing his rope (this last one of the most beautiful scenes ever managed by a movie camera); the sullen bronze head of one of the boys among his captors; his sweetheart with her shawled head and Indian face looking on motionless and dumb from the arcade; a portrait of Diaz above a small table on which are a vase of peacock feathers and a Pekinese which resembles the President; a strange dance of three men on fine horses bucking and rearing on the crest of a hill against a white white-clouded sky, like angular kaleidoscope fragments that cannot be shaken out of their triple pattern; we see afar but very distinct, through the eyes of the peon watcher, men rapidly digging in a bank, ominous in the white sun; now we are close: on the crest of the hill a man on horseback against the white sky, with a single sharp gesture and word bids the boy go down into the hole; the spurred foot and the long lean boot stamping the ground down about the boy's neck, he turns his face to avoid the spur; left alone in their living graves, the boys wait, flies crawl across their faces, their heads droop; later they are convulsively gaping, the shadow of a buzzard passes; the girl with the Indian face comes over the crest of the hill, is suddenly among them; she kneels down beside the head of her lover, with a quick desperate movement turns away; a broad landscape with small grazing cattle and snow-whitened Popocatepetl in the distance under a wide-washed cloudy sky, in the foreground a strip of river moving sensitively and swiftly while the landscape broods and sleeps; a dark sharp sheaf of cactus lizard-tails standing out against a blank white background with a fierce and rigid relief.

EDMUND WILSON.

The Tragedy of Labor Leadership

The Fourth Article in the Series, "Fifty Years of American Labor"

IF LEADERSHIP has played so determined a part in the course of American labor, why has there not arisen an effective opposition to take over the power from those who made "a bloody mess" of it? By what miraculous force have the standpatters kept themselves in and what has kept the radicals out?

There was nothing miraculous about it. The institution proved invincible because it had an economic justification. It was not all a racket, not at the beginning. While, as we saw, comparatively

little material progress was achieved during the fifty years since the national unions were established, certain trade groups have increased their earnings. The average workingman neither thinks in statistical averages nor lives by them. If the photo-engravers, for instance, are pleased with their wage schedules, they are not concerned with the general policies pursued by Mr. Woll, their union president. If his policies eventually reduce the area of employment, those who are out of a job may do some thinking, but they are usually out of

the union, too, and their ideas don't matter much. This is true of all unions. The increase in earnings of skilled crafts, obtained by their unions in a good many cases through severe fighting, did not always come from employers' profits or consumers' prices by way of increased production costs. They were often obtained by keeping the earnings of the unskilled and unorganized workers at low levels or by forcing these workers to do more intensive labor for the same pay.

The polite term "wage consciousness," devised by Professor Commons to define the frame of mind of the organized skilled worker, accurately describes what the leaders were bent on fostering among their constituents. It was a narrow-minded, exclusive trade mentality which accepted as natural and logical the classification of labor into two divisions, one privileged and the other beyond the pale. Perhaps Daniel DeLeon was not fair when he dubbed these trade-minded union leaders "capital's labor lieutenants." To both leaders and followers the idea of considering and treating the unskilled as the equals of the skilled mechanics was preposterous. Trade amalgamation of industrial organization was a vicious thought and independent political action was no less than high treason, for it postulated the social equality of "common labor" and "craftsmen."

There probably is no dependable way of checking the truth of the current fiction that an American worker receives in comparable values more than his German or English confrere does for the same quantity and quality of labor. It is often overlooked that the European worker in the countries of advanced capitalism receives valuable and regular additions to his wages from the State in the form of various kinds of social insurance, medical care and other free services. Not having to pay the taxes for the maintenance of these services, business management in this country returns to labor a part of this saving, and the rest, after a portion is perhaps set aside as bonuses for deserving vice-presidents, goes to publicize capital's generous treatment of labor.

The failure of radicalism to muscle its way into the American labor movement has been variously explained. Objective conditions have not only been stressed, but have been made to explain everything, the failure of men as well. Thirty years ago Professor Werner Sombart, following a visit to our shores, wrote an illuminating little book under the title of "Warum Gibt Es In den Vereinigten Staaten Keinen Sozialismus?" (Why is there no socialist movement in the United States?) The answer was: the prevalence of a semi-agricultural civilization, the heterogeneous population, the open Western frontier. These time-honored stock arguments against the feasibility of a radical labor policy are still repeated. Recently Mr. Bertrand Russell put them to fresh use in an analysis of the American labor scene. "Trade-union development in Amer-

ica," Mr. Russell wrote, in an article in *The Virginia Quarterly*, "is now just about at the stage which British unionism reached thirty years ago." The same dominance by the immigrant element in the movement, the immense wealth of the country and the preponderance of agriculture in semi-industrialized America, were offered by Bertrand Russell as the reasons why we so sadly lag behind our cousins overseas.

The standard explanations of American labor backwardness explain but little. Indeed, the U. S. A. is not today a less industrialized nation than Germany at the beginning of the twentieth century. Yet there were in Germany in 1906, in proportion to the population, twice as many members in the trade-union movement as there are in this country in 1931. The textile workers in our industrially backward South responded with religious fervor each time our national trade-union leadership made even the feeblest attempt at organizing them. Moreover, the foreign-born are not unorganizable, our Western frontier has been immobile for quite some time and though our wealth is truly immense, its distribution is anything but equitable. Really, our republic should be the very hotbed of radicalism, but it is not. Of necessity, we must turn from the objective to the human elements of the equation.

There were repeated attempts to overthrow the stalwarts. These movements were dramatic in point of performance, but were nil in results. Persons of no mean stature arose in protest, but they achieved no lasting changes. The names of Daniel DeLeon, Eugene V. Debs, William D. Haywood, stand out of the group which spent the half-century in seeking to alter the Gompers regime, but even they have left only slight traces behind them.

Samuel Gompers returned the attacks. He held the center of the stage for over forty years, a prima donna and the master of ceremonies. He proved invincible. He used his magnificent talent to cement the A. F. of L. into an efficient machine of trade-union office-holders whose profoundest article of faith is political self-preservation, and whose greatest asset is the intellectual immobility of the periphery. Ideas and change, unless they proceeded at a turtle pace, were considered inimical to "the interest of the State" and were fought with an energy worthy of a better cause.

Daniel DeLeon led the best organized attack on Gompers that was ever made within the movement. He worked through the Knights of Labor, aided by his very own Socialist Labor party. In 1893 he succeeded in forcing Gompers out of the presidency of the A. F. of L., the one and only year in its history that the federation was presided over by another man. With the help of his party, DeLeon agitated, organized and divided, time and again, the thin radical fringe of American trade unionism. His influence was directly felt for nearly

three decades and, in a less clear but a profounder sense, it is still felt. Yet he did not shake the power of the hierarchy.

DeLeon was not only a keen student of the social scene, but an able and uncompromising fighter for the views he held to be true. He was not satisfied to carry on an abstract propaganda of canned socialism, but sought to redirect the existing labor movement toward an activist and revolutionary orientation. He brought to the movement, in bare but clear outline, a strategy that was and still remains remarkable for its general wisdom, but one that also proved totally unsuited to the circumstances of the day. He demonstrated in editorials and in some very remarkable speeches which appeared in pamphlet form a gift for clear-cut reasoning, and no one has as yet made a more brilliant exposition of the problem and the nature of labor leadership. However, he little understood the daily working of the average man's mind. A philosopher of leadership, he was himself not a leader in an immediate sense. An adherent and an exponent of the materialist philosophy and interpretation of history, he failed to see that workers, individually, must be approached from the angle of their material interests. Since he did not believe that it was possible under capitalism to improve their condition, he advocated and tried to promote a movement primarily based on a revolutionary orientation. His abortive effort to overthrow the A. F. of L. by launching an organization of social-political purists eliminated him as a factor from the movement. The workers seemed to prefer the protection which the older unions provided, under a conservative leadership, to the desirable but remote coöperative commonwealth.

DeLeon ascribed this failure of the workers to perceive what their true interest was to deficient intellectual preparedness. Speaking at the founding convention of the Industrial Workers of the World, ten years later, DeLeon said:

You could not first take the men into the union under the false pretense that you were going to raise their wages, and afterwards indoctrinate them. No, you had to indoctrinate them first, then bring them in. If the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance had made any mistake at all, it would be to imagine ten years ago that there were then enough such men in existence to join your ranks.

Soon enough it appeared that there were not many more properly "indoctrinated" men in 1905 than there had been ten years earlier, and the I. W. W. turned out to be a failure. Their numbers did not appreciably increase by 1915, when DeLeon died. Obviously, "indoctrination" was not the magic word.

Eugene V. Debs was the other great crusader in the line of tragic titans. His American Railway Union, organized in 1893, was the most significant

opposition movement on the American continent, one that naturally grew out of the need of the situation. It set out with a program of positive action and went about its work with vigor, tenacity and success. In less than one year it was a power of national significance. The Pullman strike in which the union was involved aroused the indignation of the country's labor and the fiercest hatred of the enemies of labor.

The demands imposed upon the young movement by the conflagration were too great for its strength. It accepted battle before it was ready. Had Debs been the type of union leader that the movement has evolved since his time, he would have found more than one way of cold-storing the fatal decision forced by an excited convention. But he lacked that gift of leadership which at a crucial point refuses to sacrifice the "organization" to the will of the membership. On the other hand, Gompers would not have been the political craftsman he was if he had not utilized the occasion to clear the field of a dangerous opponent. He did the one thing a pragmatic leader could do when confronted with such a contender for mastery. He stabbed the opponent in the back. Debs was eliminated as a trade-union possibility.

This Gompers achieved at the cost of permitting the injunction to enter the field of labor-capital disputes. The Pullman strike was the first celebrated case in which the government used the weapon which later on has proved deadly. The Debs who survived the collapse of the "Debs Rebellion" was widely admired as a humanitarian, but his shift to the unearthly idealism of the preacher led him outside of the practical movement of organized labor and the Socialist party he organized never took root in the unyielding social subsoil of our land.

The leadership of Bill Haywood was a peculiar amalgam of the fighting method of the Western frontiersman and the theory of Marxian Socialism. The Western Federation of Miners and the I. W. W., both the vehicles of Haywood's activity, failed to survive the twilight of trustified capitalism. Called into being where orthodox trade unionism proved ineffective, these organizations had a short-lived success in the interval between a disintegrating competitive system and the ascending era of gigantic combines. Haywood only halfway conceived the growing significance of industrial unionism. While he fully realized the appealing force of "one industry—one union," he totally overlooked the potentialities implied in an activist union attitude toward the processes of production and distribution. Hence the propaganda carried on by the I. W. W. was stirring but sterile. Oriented on "social revolution" in the environment of capitalist power and popular complacency, it was ineffectual in times of peace and was crushed to death under the weight of war hysteria. Haywood's movement had built up no defenses. It fell a victim to big words and no deeds.

The tragic failure of the earlier oppositions was determined by two basic conditions:

1. The old leadership was entrenched in the consciousness of its constituents, the skilled workers, because of the real or semi-real gains that these workers had made under the old regime.
2. The capitalistic machine was economically progressive, in the sense that it was able to pay a living wage to a portion of labor without reducing dividends.

Under the combined force of these two circumstances, the labor leader earned his pay. He helped the worker obtain a larger wage. He helped the employers keep the two basic groups of labor divided, and the unskilled majority powerless. But the new technology upset the apple-cart, and the collapse of our prosperity made matters worse. The impotence of the present labor movement reflects the indicated major changes in our industrial and economic set-up. The old movement is not likely to be invigorated by the simple device of rejuvenated propaganda. But will a new leadership rise to take the place of the old, and from where is it likely to come?

The earlier oppositions to constituted leadership failed. They were real oppositions, though. They fought no sham battles. But since 1910 no effective struggle has been waged against "the leadership that conquered in one America and continued to control in another." The Communists' efforts, at first attended with some promise of success, have been vitiated by the mistakes of their own making. The Communists do not seem to be able to learn. The opposition moves of the Socialists have never amounted to anything. Old Gompers effectively used his Socialist opponents for the purpose of arousing his own cohorts' patriotic frenzy.

A successful opposition, one that does not merely stage a fight for political purposes, must come from within. But if it is not to die in the effort, it will have to buckle down to real work. The present depression may help it gain sudden importance, but its progress will not be too rapid. It is also certain that it cannot avoid taking a clear position on fundamental issues. There would be little promise in an opposition which continued to "bet on capitalism"—or worse—on capitalists.

This does not preclude continued efforts to protect the immediate and material interests of the workers in the shops. But a broader view than that of old trade unionism is essential. Labor must envisage society as a whole. The use of the term socialism has no especial meaning in this connection. "We are all socialists nowadays." The opposition to the existing leadership of the trade-union movement must likewise be an opposition to the present power distribution in the social order.

Though restricted in the first place to real and practical things, and "kept so close to the core-substance of union aspiration that Tom, Dick and Harry could not fail to identify it as such," a successful opposition movement will not safely hold on

to the Tom, Dick and Harry intellectual level. The labor movement of the twentieth century cannot succeed with the intellectual armor of the eighteenth. The ideological baggage of even the advanced sections of the present movement is of middle-class origin. But the middle class in the old sense is a vanishing force and its philosophy and ideology, perforce, are matters of the past. The individual members of the middle class are a cross between the technologized proletariat, or salariat, and the proletarianized intelligentsia. The labor movement of the twentieth century will succeed only as an organized attack for power by a triumvirate, to consist of militant and intelligent labor, the class-oriented technicians and engineers, and that shifting but tangible and certainly not negligible entity, the nation's youth.

This all means a labor movement of a more complex and ambitious type than has ever graced our republic and much will be demanded of its leadership. But it seems certain that the elements of such leadership will be found. The privilege of serving in a real and aggressive labor movement would challenge and fire the energies that are now for sale in the intellectual commodity markets of the country. A crusading, iconoclastic and social-engineering labor movement will find its leaders without offering prodigious salaries. There may be few sociological Edisons, but they are called forth less by enviable salaries than by opportunities for setting up new means of lighting this world of curs.

J. B. S. HARDMAN.

Save a Congressman

ELMER DURKIN looked up from his paper and broke the bad news to Chester A. Donner, Wopington's eminent druggist.

"I see where Congressman Hayfoot of Tennessee is not feeling so hot."

"Maybe it was something he ate. I had some crab-meat salad——"

"No, Chet, this boy is in a tough spot," the newsdealer said. "They're afraid he might kick off."

"Do we care so much, Elmer? Is he a buddy of yours?"

"This is not a private grief. But the way things stack up, the life of every M. C. is precious, and for Senators that goes double."

"You'd have to explain that. What you've said about congressmen—a man could be arrested for just listening."

"This bird hails from a doubtful district and an election there might spill the beans. They had one in Missouri the other day and that was duck soup for the Democrats. Now the House is knotted up in a tie with a half-dozen vacant chairs. Here it is October already and we don't know which bunch is going to run the House and Senate. It might break fifty-fifty. It all depends on how the old boys keep their health."

"If I see a congressman I'll say, 'How are you?'"

"Everybody ought to try and save a congressman this month. If the Democrats should cop off a couple more loose ones, Jack Garner would take over the gavel and go ritzing around in the Speaker's bus. And where would peace and progress and prosperity be then?"

"Where are they now?"

"Over in the Senate end things are in just about as bad a jam."

"Now I've got to worry about how Senators feel, with all I've got on my mind."

"Of course we don't pick husky young steamfitters or Channel swimmers for the job. A man can't qualify till he's old enough to have the rheumatics in four legs. Maybe the G. O. P. has the edge in the upper house, but suppose one of those gaffers should pass out of the picture in a state where they've got a Democratic Governor. There would be another flock of hair shirts for Herbert C.

"The Chief is going to have a hard enough winter with that gang without this new piece of grief. I hear they're all set to put the works on his foreign policy. The only thing that cramps them is that nobody knows what his foreign policy is, if any.

"Take that moratorium thing. He got pushed into that Santa Claus act by a bunch of bankers who saw that there would be no gravy for them unless Germany got a debt layoff. That was a new one on Herbert. Up to then he thought a moratorium was the kind of place they put Harding. Well, he got a good hand on that and it began to look as if he was getting his first break. That bright boy Lucas began yammering around that this would be the paramount issue in 1932. They had to shush Robert because the Democratic Senators were getting steamed up and there might not be any more moratorium than a rabbit.

"But Herbert had no sooner got the mark saved than the pound got wobbly on him. It turned out that the German moratorium helped to put the skids under England and make everything blotto. Everybody above grade 5B knows that we'll never get anywhere unless we stretch out the moratorium for years and maybe forever, but does H. H. stick his O. K. on that? He says we might shade the figures a little some day. Then he talks about cutting down navies.

"Fair enough. We can't get out of the red until we quit shoveling all our jack into shooting ships. So this wop, Grandi, says let's take a year off and build no boats at all. Borah strings along and says that's jake by him. What does Hoover do when they bring him these glad tidings? He bites three reporters and a boy scout.

"All this time home business was going from bad to worse on a one-way ticket. It got so quiet the Secretary of the Deficit could hear banks busting as far away as Youngstown, Ohio. So the White

Housekeeper came across with this plan for a bankers' pool to thaw out the frozen assets."

"I guess that was a good thing, anyhow."

"It pepped up the market some, if that means anything. The dirt is that the big-money lads had this hunch way back in the summer, but they couldn't wish it on Herby. He said those rugged individualists could papa their own baby. Finally things got so bad they doped out a scheme he could stick his name on. If the thing clicks at all it might help to ease him through the black days ahead. I wouldn't bet two bits on it, myself.

"The chief engineer will hear nothing but sour news from Capitol Hill, come December. The sons of the wild jackass will rare into Washington all nourished up with home cooking and bulgy with plain and fancy cures for what ails us. Some will put up a holler for federal aid for the jobless so we can slip them something besides words and music by Walter Gifford. Another outfit will want to hand every soldier a house and lot and a Chevrolet. Those yaps from the gee-o spaces will stage a fight to take the Farm Board for a ride. A guy from Texas is framing it to put Andy Mellon on the spot. Everybody will have a hunch about what to do with wheat besides eating it and cotton besides building it into clothes. The customers will want everything from 4-percent money to 4-percent beer. The old boy will have troubles enough without having a Democratic Congress wished on him."

"They'd fight him day and night," Mr. Donner agreed.

"Whereas on the other hand," said Elmer with fiendish glee, "a Republican Congress would merely fight with him night and day." FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

Tammany and the Governor—Will They Break?—Tuning up the Machines—Opposition Candidates

IT IS NOT so easy as it used to be, I find, to advance political prophecies based on a given statement of facts. The economic condition of the country is so acute and unstable that it is no longer possible to make political deductions with the same sense of surety as it was in former and happier times. Present-day politics, as has been frequently said, has a broad economic base. If the base is out of whack the structure can be neither straight nor steady.

For these reasons I hesitate to forecast the future relationship between Tammany, which is today vastly more unpopular in the country than it was three years ago, and the Governor of New York, who is running so hard for the presidency that every political field glass in the country is focused upon him. At this stage, I think, all that can be said with any degree of certainty is that while the warfare between them is not yet in the open, it soon will be. I have not talked with anyone in the past three weeks who does not believe that long before the Democratic national convention meets next July, Franklin Roosevelt will be not

the Tammany candidate but the anti-Tammany candidate.

I think so myself. From the very start of this Seabury investigation—in fact, before it had even started—it seemed inevitable that this should occur. The main idea of the business was to probe Tammany graft, which everybody knew existed but which had not been publicly proved for a generation. Governor Roosevelt backed this movement in the legislature. He obtained the appropriation necessary for the unhampered conduct of the work and he named Samuel Seabury as the prosecuting attorney. From the beginning Tammany violently and openly opposed these actions. How then can anyone argue that with Tammany fighting every inch of the way the Governor in the end will stand by the organization and repudiate the committee? The mere suggestion is absurd. Everybody with the capacity to think and see clearly knows perfectly well that sooner or later—perhaps before this piece is printed—the request to remove various dishonest Tammany officials will be put up to the Governor, and that after the delay incident to “reviewing the testimony” or “hearing counsel,” he will remove them. Three days ago one of the shrewdest politicians I know came down here and told the headquarters group and others that within a month Roosevelt will have completely cut himself loose from Tammany.

The natural political view is that this will help him in his effort to get the nomination. As things stand today, he is so far in the lead that the odds are heavily in his favor. If the convention were held this month or next month his success would be assured. The interesting part about the present status of his boom is that it has been reached not only without a single word of encouragement from Al Smith, who somewhat insistently proclaims himself the titular leader of his party, but with the not too well concealed opposition of the Smith-Raskob element, which is in complete control of the headquarters machinery and is in a position to be more effective than anyone else, prior to the convention. At least such was the general idea some months ago. Though both Smith and Raskob have been careful to refrain from any public utterance on the subject, their distaste for Roosevelt's candidacy has been recognized for a long time—since last March, to be exact.

A considerable number of party people with whom I have talked believe that this Smith-Raskob hostility has been of very real value to Mr. Roosevelt. If they had studied a way of promoting his chances they could hardly have hit upon a better plan. They practically threw the South and West into his arms. This support, to which may be added the tremendous advantage his position as twice-elected Governor of New York gives him in the race, plus the skillful campaign for delegates by his friends—notably Mr. Farley—has placed him so far in front that a great many do not think he can now be headed off.

Personally I am not in agreement about that. I think that the opposition to Roosevelt, which includes some of the most influential party men in the East, can stop him if it is determined to do so regardless of consequences. A certain section of the opposition does, I believe, disregard “consequences,” nearly always has, and is vastly more concerned with winning primaries and nominating candidates than in electing them. This section includes Tammany, the Frank Hague machine in New Jersey and the old

Brennan machine in Illinois. They would not hesitate to thrust Roosevelt aside in the convention if they could, no matter what the risk to the ticket in November. The other element of the opposition, and I believe the controlling one, will not be willing to incur that risk if it is too obvious. They could in all probability control a little more than the one-third necessary to stop Roosevelt in the convention, but whether they will have the nerve to do so is another question altogether.

So far as Mr. Baker is concerned, the difficulty is that he will not “coöperate.” In February he must, if he is to capture his own state, announce that he is a candidate and enter his name in the Ohio presidential primaries. Mr. Baker, I am authoritatively told by his friends, will not do this. He has taken the position that he will not do or say anything that can be construed as making him an active candidate for the nomination. He has said—or permitted it to be said for him—that if nominated he will accept. Further than that he will not go. If this is true—and I have no reason to doubt it—the Ohio delegation will not be a Baker delegation. It may be a White delegation or it may even be a Roosevelt delegation. Without Ohio the anti-Roosevelt movement is badly handicapped.

On the whole it seems to me that Roosevelt is in a very strong position. The Republicans, who for a time believed that Smith would again be a candidate, have swung completely around and now regard Roosevelt as certain to be Hoover's opponent. The progressive Senators nearly all assume that he will be named by the Democrats and this assumption has caused the talk of a third-party candidate to dry up almost completely. Moreover, most other Democrats assume it. Among some of them things have reached the stage where they have stopped talking about whether or not Roosevelt will be nominated for the first place on the ticket and are talking about who will be his running mate.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw

INDIANS, with regard to the history of Buddha, are not so much concerned with whether this or that statement is a literal fact; they ask whether or not it expresses some inner and necessary thing to be expressed. (Even in his most blatant and once effective superiorities, to Shakespeare or Henry Irving or anyone else, Mr. Shaw has not so far, I believe, compared himself to Buddha!) An artist will have some such sense with regard to these letters that Shaw and Ellen Terry wrote to each other.¹ He can allow for much that might puzzle the average reader, bent on deciding what is and what is not genuine, or even quite honest, in the mass of things said between the man and woman who wrote thus to each other through so many years. An artist, as one who himself feels and creates, will have some understanding as to the nature of real emotion and of emotion that is real in itself but that in relation to its supposed object is only art. He will know what it is to play-act though quite sincerely, to exhibit

¹ Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw. *A Correspondence*. Edited by Christopher St. John. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.

yourself, to convince even yourself of the truth of what has just sprung into your creative brain, or to believe what you want to believe. The irony, however, is that an artist, reading this correspondence, is likely to feel no concern at all about getting these questions of sincerity, relationship and so on straight; he can take the letters as he finds them, can get the truth of them as they come now to him, spread out on printed pages and having passed, by right of their own content and manner, into the realm of art, where truth is the only and entire reality.

The facts around this correspondence have been published widely enough already. The letters begin in 1892 and run to 1922; with gaps in their frequency and, at the last, only occasional exchanges. At times three letters a day may have been written, or three years pass without a letter. The writers of them did not meet for years after the correspondence began, and in the meantime Mr. Shaw was married to the Irish lady, "with the light green eyes and the millions of money" whom he "has got to like so much that it is superfluous to fall in love with her." In the pursuit of a plan to publish a volume of Ellen Terry's letters so many to Mr. Shaw were found and, upon further search, so many of his to her, that a volume was made up of this correspondence alone. We are thus assured that the letters were not written with an eye to publication. They remain private writing and in the finest sense of the word they are intimate.

Mr. Shaw, who has always had the habit of being certain of whatever he says and nothing if not definite in his statement of it, tells us in his preface that Ellen Terry, though she died solvent so far as property went, was not quite so fortunate emotionally. "She ran through her husbands, and ended as her own mistress and no man's house-mate, though she retained the affection of her first husband, who was much older than herself, and of her last, who was much younger." There were also, as everyone knows, lovers to whom she was not married. Her loves were in the nature of adventures, her friendships enduring. That Ellen Terry was ever in love with Mr. Shaw nobody could think who reads the letters she wrote him. That she liked him, admired and trusted him, loved him understandingly, and needed his friendship and tonic response in all directions is clear enough, and beautifully so. Mr. Shaw himself very likely does not know whether he was in love with Ellen Terry or not, though he might be capable of the clearest of opinions on the subject. For years she dazzled him, gave him a chance to devote himself, declare himself, promote, exhibit and exercise himself, to dream, to interfere, to assist and to advise. He was addressing himself to the most adored, the most famous and the most accomplished actress in England, and besides the friendship and glow and release that he got from it, he stood also the chance to fight through her his battle with the Lyceum, under Irving's management, to get his own plays produced there, to pry its great leading lady away from that theatre and use her to act his own plays. The motives and elements in all this are hopelessly mixed up; and are not clarified by the fact that, twenty years later, when he had written Liza Doolittle with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in his mind and was trying to persuade her into it, he fell in love with her and set to plying her also with love letters.

Shaw has never been one to believe the old axiom that

life is short, art is long. He has felt, therefore, that by saying with complete assurance, unfailing insistence and agile and sometimes brilliant dialectic that, for example, the architecture of the Parthenon was tedious, he could make it so for us; or that, in spite of his scene's being twice as long as its dramatic nature called for and his point said harder than taste and artistic exigency allowed, he could force the effect he wanted and so compel it to be right. But time teaches us all that we cannot beat the game in art, and things settle at last into their due place, and grow stale and die or brighten and live according to their fate. These letters of his often parallel the dramatic opinions that he wrote in *The Saturday Review* and that later appeared in two volumes. The insistence seems now to be at times only tiresome, the bravura trite, and the argument, neat as it is and expert in its rhythm, only another form of browbeating. He knows a great many things that nobody can know, or ever has known, and if he does not know them, he uses them just the same for fighting purposes. The letters are, however, more often gold mines of comment and revelation, of luminous theorizing, of the period's history, of its portraiture and its daily record. We have theatre opinion and advice, hatreds, prejudices, championships in art. Irving will not lose his grip—"he has no grip at all, comparatively, just as he has no voice, and therefore doesn't lose it. The condition in which he works is a somnambulistic one: he hypnotizes himself into a sort of dreamy energy, and is intoxicated by the humming of his words in his nose. Besides, he escapes the terrible fatigue and thought and self-consciousness, through having no brains." "In playing Shakespear, play *to* the lines, *through* the lines, *on* the lines, but never between the lines. There simply isn't time for it. You would not stick five bars rest into a Beethoven symphony to pick up your drumsticks; and similarly you must not stop the Shakespearean orchestra for business." As for happy or pungent or deadly phrases, they are endless.

But it is true that, while Shaw is seeing her, is perceiving her highest qualities as he might see light and the stars and water, it is Ellen Terry who comes out of the affair with the brightest colors. By right of natural miracle, some wonderful scope of the woman in her and some sort of generosity and shine in brain and heart, she understood Shaw. She saw how he worked and fought, saw his energy, his good and bad taste, his genius and courage. Shaw has a curious earnestness for causes balanced by an equal earnestness for exhibition of himself. Often his case is that of the thesis against universal passion and instinct. Nowhere in the letters does Ellen Terry make any such observations, but she must have seen all this. And she must have understood the implications with regard to him and his career when Shaw wrote in one of the letters: "In my own case I am afraid that though I was not ill treated—my parents being quite incapable of any sort of inhumanity—the fact that nobody cared for me particularly gave me a frightful self-sufficiency, or rather a power of starving on imaginary feasts, that may have delayed my development a good deal, and leaves me to this hour a treacherous brute in matters of pure affection." In another he wrote: "The first moral lesson I can remember as a tiny child was the lesson of teetotalism, instilled by my father, a futile person you would have thought him.

One night, when I was still about as tall as his boots, he took me out for a walk. In the course of it I conceived a monstrous, incredible suspicion. When I got home I stole to my mother and in an awestruck whisper said to her, 'Mamma, I think Papa's drunk.' She turned away with impatient disgust and said, 'When is he ever anything else?' I have never believed in anything since: then the scoffer began——"

Ellen Terry must have watched the battle Shaw made against Irving, whose style of acting and conception of art he was opposed to, and whose position in the theatre and with Ellen Terry herself stood in the way of his ambitions, and must have noted how he fought both hard and not always honestly, for his dialectic powers and nimble tongue were out for blood. What she knew was that he needed her, in his way, quite as much as Irving, with all his actor's self-absorption, pomp and sensitivity, in his way needed her. Finally—and we have only to remember what fools then one's dearest friends sometimes were making of themselves—in a letter she wrote Shaw after the appearance of his "Commonsense about the War," in November, 1914, when he was being heaped with abuse and insult, avoided, threatened and the rest of it, she summed up all her knowledge of her friend:

Dearest G. B. S. (who is splendid about the war)

Very strange people are all over the world. I thought they *knew* you! But they are strange. I don't know *them*.. I know *you*! (The impudence of my saying this, but I *do*!) I send you and Charlotte all Christmassy love from New York. I trust you to keep bombs from Edy's [Edith Craig, her daughter] head. You know everything, so there's no excuse if you don't take care of her for me and send her out of the way of violence, if any nears her. I am so surely, so simply aware that you have blessed, infernal wisdom that, please, I'll ask you to tell her what to do—if she wants to know! Ellen Terry.

In two of the letters there are passages that convey her anxiety before the first performance of "Cymbeline" and afterward quite wonderfully define the art of acting as she felt it:

I shall do nothing tonight. It's not because I've left my effects to chance. I've settled what I want to try for but I'm all *earth* instantly I get on the stage for this part. No inspiration, no softness, no sadness even. Tight, mechanical, hide-bound. I feel nothing. . . . After the carefulest thinking and practicing every detail of my blessed work, something comes upon me. (This is when things go well and right. It has nothing to do with my will.) I feel exquisitely, and then, then, I realize the situation (in the play) and all is golden.

But no gold tonight. Only dull mud. I can't help it, dear fellow. You see it has nothing to do with me. If I ever act well, it's accident. It's divine, isn't it? There's a double movement somewhere, for all the while one is receiving this gracious dew from heaven, this fire and warmth, one is turning oneself as it were, to be basted properly.

I suppose I must look well on the stage, for they all say so. I think it is because though I may *seem*

like myself to others, I never *feel* like myself when I am acting, but someone else, so nice, and so young and so happy, and always in-the-air, light, and bodiless.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Advance Guard Magazines

SIR: I am at present engaged in compiling for publication a bibliography and short history of all the advance-guard magazines since the end of the War. I am limiting them to those printed mainly in English, published in America, or by Americans abroad. The general type is that of *The Little Review*, *Broom*, *Transition*, *The Dial* and the old *Masses*.

I should be grateful if anyone who has any of these, or knows where they can be obtained, or has been connected with any editorially, would communicate with me at 1450 Broadway, New York City.

New York City.

JESSE L. GREENSTEIN.

A New Russian Correspondent

SIR: In view of the sudden occupation of Manchuria and other parts of China by Japan, we, the Chinese students at the University of Illinois, wish to call the attention of our American friends to the following facts: Mr. Fischer neglects, however, to do justice to *The Tribune's* present Russian correspondent writing from Moscow and Leningrad, Mr. Henry R. Wales. Working under restraint of *The Tribune's* jingoistic, Red-baiting policy, Mr. Wales has sent in some very honest and straightforward accounts of the economic and social life among the Soviets; even though his articles are badly mauled by misleading headlines.

Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO READER.

The Manchurian Crisis

SIR: In view of the sudden occupation of Manchuria and other parts of China by Japan, we, the Chinese students at the University of Illinois, wish to call the attention of our American friends to the following facts:

Taking advantage of the unprecedented floods and the struggle against Communist banditry in China, Japan seized Manchuria by war measures on September 18. On the pretext of protecting economic interests in Manchuria, Japan has not only seized Manchuria, but has taken part of inner Mongolia and cities in Hopei and Shantung provinces.

Japan has no legal right to claim economic interests in Manchuria. In 1898, Russia leased Port Arthur and Dairen from China, and the right to construct the South Manchuria Railway. As a result of the Russo-Japanese War in 1905, Japan demanded that she be the successor to those rights previously held by Russia. Despite the refusal and protests of China, Japan took over those rights and held them in a firm grip. According to the treaty between China and Russia in 1898, Russia was to return the leased territory and to surrender those rights to China in 1923. Even if Japan had been the legal successor of Russia, she would have to abide by these provisions of the treaty.

In 1915, Japan imposed upon China the infamous Twenty-one Demands, two of which were to extend the term of the aforementioned treaty to ninety-nine years. China has never agreed to accept these demands, and other countries have sympathized with her in her refusal, but Japan has persisted in her aggression. Thus the occupation of Manchuria and other parts of China by Japan is unwarranted and constitutes the most flagrant violation of international law.

Being a signatory to the Kellogg Pact and the Nine Power Treaty concluded at the Washington Conference in 1922 and a member of the League of Nations, China is willing to stand by peace at any cost. We appeal to the people of the United States and of the world to uphold the cause of justice and the sanctity of treaties.

Urbana, Ill.

The Chinese Students
at the University of Illinois.

The Metaphysics of Experience

Philosophy and Civilization, by John Dewey. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 334 pages. \$5.

IN NO OTHER field of human thought has the claim to the possession of absolute truth been made so often as in philosophy—a fact to which its history from Plato through Descartes to Husserl bears witness. Yet in no field has there been so little agreement as to what these truths are. The disagreement extends not only to specific conclusions and methods of attaining them, but to the very subject matter itself. Philosophers have often been given to settling fundamental differences among themselves by ruling one another beyond the pale with arbitrary definitions of what philosophy is. Considerable skepticism has thereby been called forth as to whether philosophy, as distinct from logic, is anything more than a name for personal prejudices masquerading as impersonal axioms.

Professor Dewey's conception of philosophy, as developed in this volume of republished essays, seeks to avoid the fruitless clash of definitions by asking in humble, denotative fashion: What, as a matter of fact, has philosophy been? His answer is that "philosophy, like politics, literature and the plastic arts, is itself a phenomenon of human culture. Its connection with social history, with civilization, is intrinsic." No matter what one thinks philosophy *should* be, an analysis of the traditional philosophies will show that they have expressed some pattern of cultural behavior characteristic of the age in which they were conceived. Philosophies have articulated with greater nicety and insight the values, interests and experiential idioms of different groups struggling for mastery over nature and each other. Merely to ask whether the thought of Plato, Aquinas, Hegel, Spencer or Whitehead is true is to believe that the history of philosophy is a colorful patchwork of error. But to evaluate their philosophies as modes of social experience, as attempts to render all of existence significant in terms of some selected feature of culture, be it art, religion, politics or science, is to understand them as attitudes and ways of life. It is to see them as local and temporal illustrations of ever recurrent patterns of thought, feeling and action.

From this point of view it is easy to understand the conflict of definitions without participating in it. When it becomes clear that philosophy does not primarily concern itself with judgments of description about the nature of things and ideals, but with judgments of interpretation and practice, the strife of systems appears as a manifestation of the strife of cultures and of the struggle of classes within the same culture. As a cultural phenomenon, philosophy represents a fusion of science and poetry. It is akin to science in that it takes note of the fundamental traits of existence; it is related to poetry in that it expresses a vision of the meanings which existence may come to sustain. It is ultimately practical because it exhibits a will and a way to action.

For Professor Dewey, however, philosophy is not only a subject matter; it is an activity as well. It is a *method* of handling subject matter. It is, so to speak, adjectival. To be philosophical is to be critical. As a method of criticism, philosophy is a *clarification of meanings*. By clarifying what it is that we mean and what it is that we love, philosophy gives us wider opportunities to enjoy meanings or to verify them. "Philosophy is occupied with meaning rather than with truth." Philosophical analysis is the method by which we discover the context of meanings, their

implications and consistency. As a method, then, philosophy brings us to self-consciousness and self-knowledge. It makes us responsible for what we believe and what we do. We are now in a position to understand the double sense in which philosophy for Dewey is social. Its subject matter is the whole of culture. The cultural or social he regards as the most comprehensive category. In it the physical and mental are "taken up into a wider, more delicate and complex system of interactions." It is the matrix of the conditions of significance, since language, thought and the general criteria of evidence have their roots, in part, in the necessities of social action. As a method, philosophy serves to discover, formulate and, if possible, resolve the contradictions within social experience. Philosophical activity is not something which is foreign to life and to which life is to be opposed. It is itself a way of life in society—a method, spirit and interest which pervades every effort of man to understand the world and himself and to build upon that understanding an abiding harmony. Philosophy is a social discipline, not in that its task is exhausted in settling some specific problem in some specific society, but because, as a method of criticism and source of insight, it is relevant to all human thought, action and aspiration.

Even more significant than this fruitful conception of the relation between philosophy and experience is Professor Dewey's analysis of the nature of experience itself, especially reflective experience. Whoever would understand the *Grundton und Ausklang* of Dewey's metaphysics must pay particular attention to the distinctive traits of his analysis. Its difficulty is reflected in the incapacity of some of the foremost American critics to grasp its import. To the clarification of the meaning of experience most of the essays in the present volume are devoted.

Experience for Dewey is not a passive state of consciousness, but an active process of behavior. Action is possible only in so far as something exists to be acted upon. Consequently experience does not create the things experienced; but the things experienced are the outcome of an interaction. As effects of an interaction they must in some way have been modified in the course of it. The modification is the result of the reciprocal influence of the original powers of things upon our actions and the directive impact of our actions upon the original powers of things. What is discovered or achieved in experience is always a resultant. The resultants are not only a function of the different things which enter experience, but of the different ways in which the things are acted upon. Any existence may be taken or acted upon in different ways—affectively, esthetically, intellectually, etc. A thing loved, a thing eaten, a thing known, involve different procedures and different consequences. One type of experience is distinguished from the other in terms of these procedures and consequences. But no matter how a thing is experienced, something happens to it as a result of the processes of behavior into which it is introduced. The nature of a thing is not fixed once and for all time by the powers it possesses antecedent to experience. It is not locked up by, for and in itself, but is constantly taking on new characters and qualities as a result of the manifold ways the organism acts upon it. These qualities and characters are objective events. They may be physical or psychical or social.

That things are modified in some respect when they become elements of an interacting whole is almost a commonplace. That things are modified when they enter into a behavior pattern of knowledge-getting seems to be a monstrous paradox. For if knowing makes a difference to that which is known, how can we ever truly know what the

thing is? Is not Dewey opening the door wide to idealism, subjectivism and all the other self-defeating isms into which his views have been caricatured? The function of knowledge, it is said, is to report what is the case, not to transform it. If thinking is a process in which the object of knowledge is altered, then it can result only in error.

The objection, however, turns upon an ambiguity in the meaning of "object of knowledge." The object of knowledge may refer either to the situation or thing which provokes inquiry, or to the outcome or resultant effect of inquiry. For Dewey the change takes place in the situation which provokes inquiry, in the things which interact with the processes of knowledge-getting for the sake of discovering their meaning; no change takes place in the outcome of inquiry. The outcome of inquiry is the object of knowledge. Knowledge comes to rest when we discover what is the case. But to discover what is the case something must be done. The doing does not change what is the case. That would be madness. It changes or rearranges the situation which provoked inquiry in order to determine what is the case. What is the case (or object of knowledge) is always something *to be* discovered. If it were given, there would be no need to look for it. Inference results in knowledge when, on the basis of some actual or possible transformation of the situation which challenges thought, we can predict what will be the case. Our preliminary ideas of what is the case are not mental photographs or carbon copies of things, but guiding principles which indicate how to act upon things. True ideas are ideas we can rely upon to bring about anticipated consequences. To say afterwards that ideas are reliable because they are true, is mere tautology.

The impact of the experimental theory of experience can best be gauged when it is contrasted with the theory that experience is only a private state of consciousness. On this theory, sensory data become ideas; and all ideas mirror existences, they do not modify them. The mind can be sure only of its own contents. Nature is thus sundered from experience; thing from idea; the brain from thinking; self from others; truth from verification. Experience stews in its own juices. How we can determine the accuracy of our experiences, or even determine whether they are objectively conditioned by something which is not an experience, appears to be a mystery. The existence of the external world then becomes a problem, and with it are raised all those questions which "constitute that species of confirmed intellectual lockjaw called epistemology." On Dewey's theory, this radical bifurcation between the outer and inner is overcome by recognizing the historic and natural continuity, mediated by the brain and nervous system, between things and ideas. The efficacy of thinking is regarded as one specific illustration of the interaction between conditions and consequences. A philosophy of social experience becomes a theory of social action. Ends are tested by the consequences of the means used to achieve them. Intelligence is enstated at the heart of liberal action. The contemplation of possibilities becomes a first step in their attempted realization. The novelties born of intelligent action qualify the deadly routines of habit; the security achieved by responsible thinking is a safeguard against caprice.

It should now be clear how utterly misleading it is to regard Dewey's conception of experience as psychological in the traditional sense, and to hold that it refers not to things, but only to our private notions about them. The issue is not whether the term experience is to be used in a restricted or unrestricted sense, but what the metaphysical, or ontological, status of experience is. If experience is

an objective process of interaction, and not merely a neural spark, the task of an empirical metaphysics is to inquire what specific differences in the nature of things specific types of experience effect. Knowing the chemical composition of the sun involves a kind of activity different from that involved in discovering whether my neighbor has a contagious disease. The consequences of both pieces of knowledge upon the subsequent behavior of things will also be different. In knowing, and as a result of knowing, something objectively novel emerges.

Where Professor Dewey does treat of psychological material, his use of the principle of continuity prevents him from accepting the "vulgar materialism" of the behaviorists on the one hand and the unverifiable garrulities of the introspectionists on the other. His "Criticism of the Reflex-Arc Concept," written more than thirty-five years ago and here republished, is an impressive criticism of the fundamental assumptions of the stimulus-response psychology. Even before the rise of behaviorism as a school, Dewey proved that the isolated stimulus-response mechanism could not explain the serial, cumulative and meaningful aspects of behavior.

In the essay on an "Interpretation of the Savage Mind" Professor Dewey gives Marxists a lesson in how to use their own leading ideas. His thesis is that "occupations determine the fundamental mode of activity, and hence control the formation and use of habits." These habits constitute a psychic pattern out of which arise standard desires and approved modes of gratifying them. Purposes and desires are the source of the criteria of intelligibility, so that ultimately the very way in which man categorizes his environment reflects his occupational activities. Professor Dewey restricts his analysis to hunting. He skillfully unravels the subtle connections which exist between the particular kind of sensory-motor coördination demanded in the hunt, and other institutional activities like religion and sex. Much more research must be done before the hypothesis can be regarded as valid. Its profound suggestions are yet to be tapped.

In view of the variety of themes treated, it would have been more appropriate to entitle this book "essays in experimental philosophy." A better arrangement of the essays could easily have been made, footnotes brought up to date, new material added, and the whole sold for less than the unconscionably high price of five dollars. But whoever wants to understand Dewey must read it.

SIDNEY HOOK.

Realities in Coal

Labor and Coal, by Anna Rochester. New York: International Publishers. 255 pages. \$2.

Labor Agreements in Coal Mines, by Louis Bloch. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. 513 pages. \$2.

IN SPITE of the sensation which coal has become, no book has yet appeared which gives a realistic picture of the industry as a whole. Anna Rochester's "Labor and Coal," which aims to be a comprehensive survey of the coal industry from the point of view of the revolutionary worker, is no exception. Though it was prepared with Miss Rochester's usual diligence and stands high among the volumes in the Labor and Industry series of the "left-wing" Labor Research Association, it contributes more to propaganda than to understanding.

"Labor and Coal" follows a conventional Communist pattern. It tells first of the capitalists, their profits, in-

terest and royalties, their increasing concentration of control; then of the workers, who they are, where they are, how they live, their wages, the dangers of rationalization, the accident toll; then of unionism, the early struggles, the devious policy of the United Mine Workers affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, the betrayal of the workers by John L. Lewis, its president since 1920; and finally of the splendors of the Communist National Miners' Union in the future and of the glories of the Soviet miners in the present. All this information is useful, but it has one basic defect from which other books on coal also suffer: it fails to treat of the differences that exist among the various anthracite and bituminous coal fields.

Anyone who has practical dealings with the coal industry, whether he be coal operator or union organizer, must take account of the particular geological, technological, transportation, marketing, political, corporate and labor factors which distinguish the separate coal districts. These traits determine immediate and ultimate strategy. Communist leaders learn this as much as do conservative labor officials when they are confronted with a concrete situation like the recent strike in the Western Pennsylvania-Eastern Ohio-Northern West Virginia soft-coal sector. A book like "Labor and Coal" should supply the pertinent information about each of the country's coal fields and show the relationships that exist among them. Miss Rochester in portions of her book, it is true, discusses her subject geographically, but the American Communist's disdain for such bourgeois items as labor costs, freight rates, prices, taxes and competition leads her in the main to draw up a rather spirited and highly generalized indictment instead of a smashing bill of particulars which would reveal to us the coal industry, and the capitalist system of which she shows it is a part, in all their complicated absurdities and injustices.

One cannot move among the miners who used to be, or still are, organized without learning how conscious they are of collective bargaining. Where the union is still strong, as in Illinois or in the anthracite fields, the miners' grievances and their settlement by the joint adjustment machinery is a leading topic of conversation. Miss Rochester does not trust coöperation with the employers in any form, and therefore slurs over this subject without building up a strong case for or against her position. More light is thrown on this aspect of the coal problem by Louis Bloch in his belated "Labor Agreements in Coal Mines." His book is the fifth volume in the Industrial Relations series, published by the Russell Sage Foundation and designed to study specific cases of "wage earners' participation in management." Mr. Bloch chose the Illinois district and only incidentally the rest of the central competitive bituminous coal field for his inquiry. He concludes that an industrial code has been developed in Illinois. Miss Mary Van Kleeck, of the Russell Sage Foundation, writes in a preface her conclusion that, while the officers of the union do not recognize it, "the miners are actually participating in management." Mr. Bloch is more guarded. His study of actual grievances has convinced him of the genuine control exercised by capital, and in his summary he says that "in quite a distinct sense, the miners, through their union, exert an influence upon managing the mine in so far as it relates to the working conditions of employees." It is implicit in Mr. Bloch's analysis that the miner receives no more in the industrial code than he gains by his organized strength, and that constitutionalism and status in industry vanish when the workers' power declines. The

author also suggests "that the miners' officials sometimes express opinions more akin to those of the operators than to the ideas of the miners they represent." Mr. Bloch could have made his volume more valuable if he had included more data on how the miners actually fare under the agreement, irrespective of the written decisions he has sifted for us. Perhaps it is up to such radicals as Miss Rochester to make the close investigations necessary to present such facts.

LOUIS STANLEY.

Kentucky Land

Penhally, by Caroline Gordon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

IN "PENHALLY," Miss Gordon has given us what is at times a slightly mazy, at other times a singularly clear, account of the interwoven destinies of the Llewellyns, Crenfrews, Allards and Blairs: people linked and divided by their association with a certain large tract of Kentucky land. This is an intricate group history; and to cram, within the 282 pages of the book, the suggestive happenings which will chronicle it, has been a problem in rigorous selection of matter.

As the ideal exponent of democracy can exchange personal ambition for an ambition to benefit the average and still remain ego-strong, so the nature feudally bred can, without self-apology, exercise a tyranny in order to unite land and name. From the days of bachelor Uncle Nicholas, who is discovered to us on the first page, on through the successive generations represented by his nephews and nieces and their lines, the united Llewellyns are an important group dominating a countryside. They are satisfied to shine in the reflected glory of their common creation—Penhally. After the Civil War the figure of the planter declines in impressiveness and, as feudal emotions weaken, the provincial society of which Penhally is the center begins to collapse.

"Aristocratic" is not an adjective to indicate moral or mental fineness or any permanently recognizable cultural superiority. Aristocrats are a free people, whose freedom is paid for by others. In all the aristocracies which history records, the type of payment has been the same. It is true that we hear references to the modern aristocrat whose leisure is not the result of owning land, but he has not expressed himself culturally and nobody believes much in his founding of institutions of even a simulated permanence. The provincialism of the characteristic Llewellyn point of view is an asset in maintaining feudal group strength; and Miss Gordon sees significantly, when she traces the history of Penhally through scattered personal histories to that of Joan Parrish, the cosmopolite, who views with no more than literary appreciation the home of her husband's ancestors. It is Joan Parrish, from abroad, who persuades Nick and Chance to sell Penhally, that it may become a country club devoted to the artificial revival of hunting. Chance, driven by necessity to accept the bargain that he may share the profits, shows a complaisance that is only skin-deep. Full of half-articulate resentments, he shoots Nick.

The story of Penhally is told in impressionistic flashes, episodically. An immediacy of sense-perception pervades the style, giving an illusion of equal contemporaneity to nineteenth and twentieth-century happenings. Miss Gordon's method demands close-ups and dwarfs perspective, which becomes as difficult for the reader as for a person in the midst of events. Only at the end of the book does

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the continuity of Penhally emerge through the confusion of the existences that have been bound to it.

In the writing one finds quite perfect scenes, but the pattern made by the relations of the characters is of a somewhat conventionalized kind, so that the effect of the whole book, despite pictorial realism, is not quite actual enough to move deeply. Miss Gordon is very sensitively aware of her artistic problems and is, in an admirable sense, conscious of the means for solving them. She has made finished work of a first novel. For myself, I could wish that her emotions were not quite so tightened by her design and that she would give to the "divination" of her characters' moods and motives as much of original freedom as she allows her exquisite sensory equipment in its interpretation of the exterior world. EVELYN SCOTT.

Book Notes

PSYCHOLOGY

INTEGRATIVE PSYCHOLOGY: A Study in Unit Response, by William C. Marston, C. Daly King and Elizabeth H. Marston. *International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 558 pages. \$7.

The authors of this bulky monograph maintain the thesis that the human organism operates with "elementary behavior units" which may serve psychology precisely as the atom, the electron and the proton have served chemistry. Upon a carefully prepared foundation of physiological and neurological analysis, they build their theory of "unit response," according to which the individual acts and reacts with the *whole* of his self or personality, rather than in a fragmentary and disconnected manner. There are four response units: Compliance, Dominance, Inducement and Submission. These, taken alone or in combination, are held sufficient to explain behavior, from the most primitive drives and emotions to the highest manifestations of human beings. Despite the wealth of suggestive material in the book, its readers will be left with the impression that the authors have oversimplified and generalized their case, especially when attempting to interpret personality in terms of a new variant of the time-worn "four-humors" theory of Galen and his successors.

WHAT LIFE SHOULD MEAN TO YOU, by Alfred Adler. Edited by Alan Porter. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 286 pages. \$3.

The founder of Individual Psychology presents us with another contribution to the "What-How-Why" school of popular mental therapeutics. In a sizable volume he repeats his now somewhat threadbare tale that despite inferiority complexes, masculine and feminine protest, ambivalence, libido, bad dreams and worse reality, there is plenty of rope for everyone to hang the culprit Maladjustment on. Classifying all problems as occupational, social or sexual, Dr. Adler cuts innumerable Gordian knots of human behavior. In line with his belief that "human beings live in a world of meanings," Freud's former disciple supplies the popular demand on such questions as the child; love, marriage and polygamy; education and the family; crime, virtue and vice; the evils of opulence and poverty; too much influence and too little. The book will find its readers, for it is written plausibly and with great conviction; nevertheless, a terminology is not science; nor does emotional analysis suffice of itself to heal what nature and society have injured.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

ONWARD INDUSTRY! by James D. Mooney and Alan C. Reiley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 564 pages. \$6.

These authors trace the history of organization in army, Church and State from ancient times down to the Soviet Russian experiment. They contend that the Russian system offers a *dependent* economic security; that the individual there is always at the mercy of the State. But the Russian undertaking, they say, serves notice that the problem of industrial socialization has not been,

and must be, solved. Ultimate solution of all labor problems, the authors aver, rests on recognition that employers' and workers' interests are mutual, that all work is social service, and that only through such service can any one justly claim a share of profits.

FICTION

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE, by E. Arnot Robertson. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.*

Adventure stories are almost always written by men and the characters, except for the inevitable villains, are morally as up-right as old Nick Carter himself. The present novel, written by a woman, has a heroine who does not number chastity among her virtues. In the first person, she tells the story of four passengers who leave a plague-ridden ship on the coast of the Malay Peninsula and attempt to make their way through the jungle to a distant town. The book records their reactions to the strange environment, the hardships they undergo, the horrors of the jungle and the working out of a triangular love situation. Miss Robertson's prose is as cool as the locale is sizzling.

HOTEL DU NORD, by Eugène Dabit. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.*

Midway between the romantic "beau monde" of "Grand Hotel" and the wretched world of thieves and prostitutes inhabiting the lodging house of Gorky's "Lower Depths" is the social stratum which we find occupying the Hotel du Nord on the outskirts of Paris, in the workers' quarters on the Quai de Jemapes, near the canal guardhouse. Of the monotonous life of these "small" people Dabit gives us a sharply realistic picture. Their life has been predetermined for them; they cannot escape the narrow round of their labors and pleasures. The book has no plot, if one means by that term story. It deals with monotony—unvarnished, everlasting and gnawing—in the lives of these people. It is a truly collectivistic novel, and though it does not inveigh in its straightforward account against the system which precludes relief for its characters, it is heavy with implicit denunciation. Perhaps the greatest virtue of the book lies in its ability to picture this wretched monotony without leaving the reader with a feeling of unalloyed disgust.

A Correction

Several correspondents have called my attention to errors in my article on the Scottsboro case published in the issue of August 26. The population of Chattanooga, Tennessee, is not six Negroes to one white, as I said, but about two and a half whites to one Negro.—EDMUND WILSON.

Contributors

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, who did a two-year stretch on Wall Street as statistician and customers' man for a brokerage firm during the great days which he describes in the present article, is the author of "Zola," "Portrait of the Artist as American" and of a life of Rousseau which Harcourt, Brace is publishing next month.

MURRAY GODWIN, formerly employed by America's leading exponent of mass production, obsolescence and buying till it hurts, has published several poems of a political and social nature in various left-wing literary magazines.

SIDNEY HOOK, a member of the Department of Philosophy at Washington Square College and a lecturer at the New School for Social Research, is the author of "The Metaphysics of Pragmatism."

LOUIS STANLEY, associate editor of The New Leader and instructor in labor at the Rand School of Social Science, recently wrote a series of articles on the Harlan, Kentucky, miners for The New York Times.

EVELYN SCOTT is the author of "The Wave," "Escapade" and other novels and has written two books of poetry. Her most recently published work, "A Calendar of Sin," has just been issued by Cape and Smith.

SOCIAL PLANNING

A symposium by various authorities on the ills of the present economic order and proposals for economic adjustments. **MONDAYS, 8:30 P. M.**

WALTER N. POLAKOV Nov. 2
Consulting Engineer recently returned from consultation with Supreme Economic Council in Russia.

"THE RUSSIAN FIVE YEAR PLAN FROM THE ENGINEERING STANDPOINT"

THOMAS L. CHADBOURNE Nov. 9
Organizer International Conference on Sugar.
"HOW FAR IS PLANNED PRODUCTION POSSIBLE UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS?"

JOHN T. FLYNN Nov. 16
Author of "Investment Trusts Gone Wrong"
"ECONOMIC PLANNING FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF FINANCE AND INVESTMENTS"

LEWIS MUMFORD Nov. 23
Author of "The Story of Utopias"
"THE POSSIBILITIES OF HUMAN LIFE IN A PLANNED SOCIETY"

H. PARKER WILLIS Nov. 30
Author of "Federal Reserve System."
"ECONOMIC PLANNING AND THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM"

H. S. PERSON Dec. 7
Managing Director Taylor Society.
SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT AND NATIONAL PLANNING"

ALGERNON LEE Dec. 14
Author of "The Essentials of Marx."
"ECONOMIC PLANNING FROM THE SOCIALIST POINT OF VIEW"

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